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Dance and Dancers

NOVEMBER 1958

This month's full ballet guide

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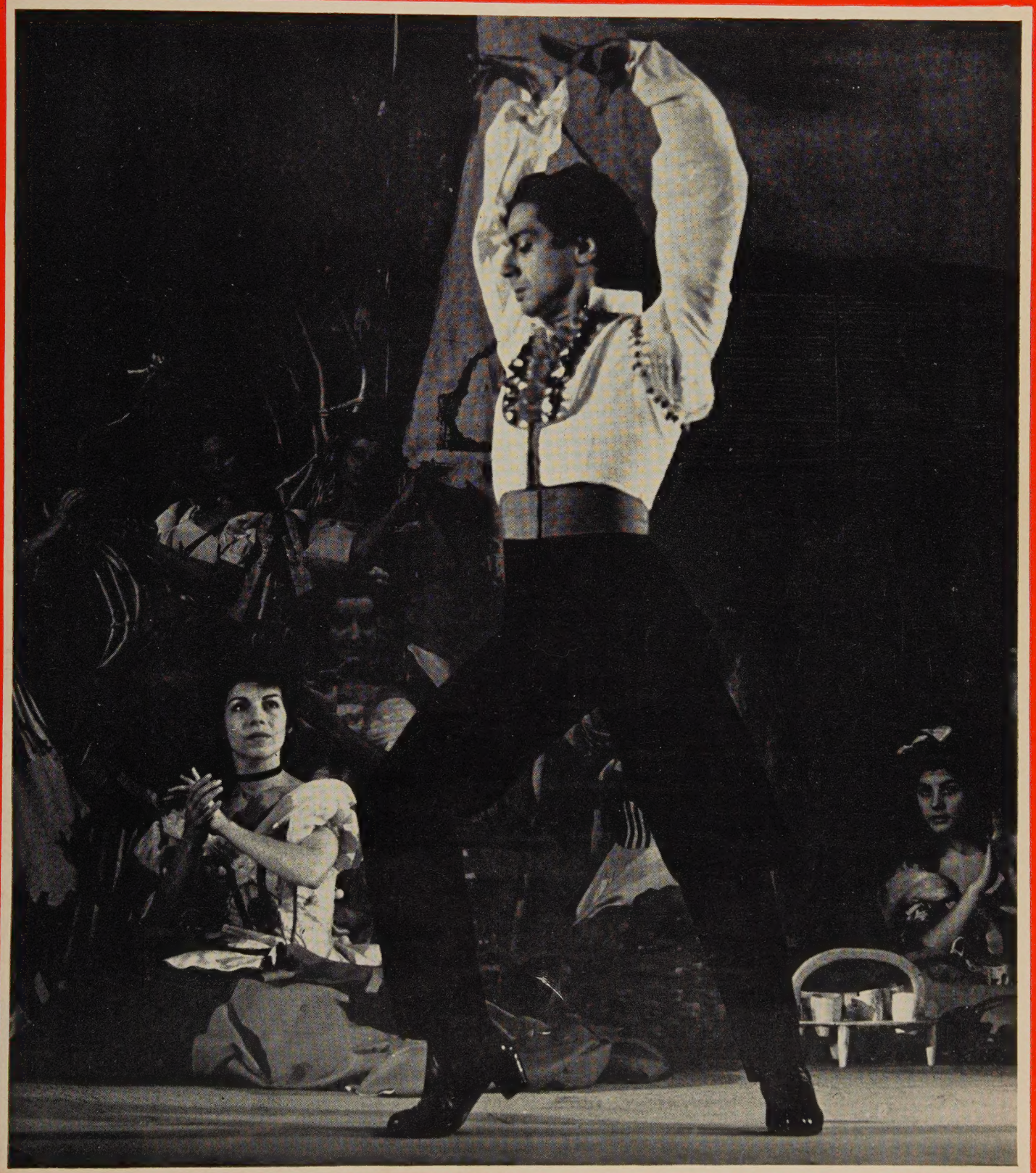

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Personality of the Month

CHARLES MACKERRAS

MONTEUX, Ansermet, Dorati, Kurtz, Beecham, Lambert — no one can say that ballet has not had its share of conductors in the past. But nowadays, perhaps it's just our imagination, the great ones seem to have departed. Certainly we now almost take for granted at ballet performances a level of orchestral playing that we would find intolerable in a well-appointed palm court, though this is not always the fault of the conductor. At the same time there can be no doubt that something has been lacking in British ballet since the death of Lambert in 1951, and after seven years of wandering in the wilderness we seem no closer to the re-establishment of the musical standards which once made British ballet so envied.

Yet at last there is hope that a new musical leader for British ballet might have arisen. This year Charles Mackerras was appointed Musical Director of the Edinburgh International Ballet, and while reports of the company's initial Festival season have not unexpectedly varied, all have been unanimous in their praise of the venture's musical side. This, of course, is far from being Mackerras's first brush with ballet. Born in America, he was taken to Australia when he was three and had his early training in Sydney, being at the age of twenty-one principal oboist in the Sydney Symphony Orchestra. In 1947 he won a scholarship to Europe and studied conducting in Prague, coming to the Sadler's Wells Theatre in 1948, first as oboist and later as assistant opera conductor. In 1951 he arranged a selection of Sullivan's music for Cranko's ballet *Pineapple Poll,* the first work that brought him to the attention of the general public. Later he followed this with a Verdi arrangement for another Cranko ballet *The Lady and the Fool.* Although he has conducted both of these ballets, strangely enough he has never been invited to direct other works in the Royal Ballet's repertory.

After leaving the Sadler's Wells Opera in 1954 he has made a career as a free-lance conductor and arranger, and his reputation now stands as one of the outstanding young British conductors of our day. Ballet naturally has not taken up much of his time — even though for a short period last year he conducted the de Cuevas Ballet in a European tour. Now he has shown his paces in the Edinburgh Company, British ballet would do well to hold on to his services. He might well be the man it needs.

November 1958 9th YEAR OF PUBLICATION Vol. 9 No. 11

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS *Associate Editor:* CLIVE BARNES
Assistant Editor: E. C. MASON
WORLD'S LARGEST SALE IN THE FIELD

ALIEN NOISES

"WHO *are* the London Symphonic Players? ", asked a foreign visitor who had just attended a performance of the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden. The question caught me off guard but I replied that I imagined they were a scratch orchestra recruited so that the regular Covent Garden Orchestra could go junketing off to the Edinburgh Festival to play in concerts. The foreign visitor went on, " But the much smaller ballet company at the Edinburgh Festival told me that in their orchestra they do not allow substitutes. Does that mean that nobody at Covent Garden is really worried about the standard of orchestral playing? " I had to confess that I didn't really know the explanation as to why a large, well-established national company had a lower standard in this respect than a small new group. I hastily added that I was pretty certain that the dancers worried ; they certainly looked it when they were forced to dance to such unfamiliar noises — and to unfamiliar tempi.

It must all seem very strange to visitors going to see a company of such world renown, it is equally disconcerting for us because the music issuing from the orchestra pit during that last season has never sounded so frightful. This was an orchestra supposed to be worthy of accompanying an eminent visitor, Yvette Chauviré, and our own Margot Fonteyn, not to mention the other notable artists in the company. This was the orchestra supposed to be capable of playing the complex new score by the greatest composer of our time — Igor Stravinsky. The fact that the regular orchestra was having such a success in the Edinburgh concerts and that General Administrator David Webster beamed benignly in the Usher Hall was no compensation. He wouldn't have beamed if he had had to listen to what we had to listen to.

All very worrying but even more so because it is not only at Covent Garden that ballet had to suffer from inadequate orchestras. In the Festival Hall there was something called the Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra, and it seemed, judging by the sloppy results, that most of the players were promenading somewhere else. The same might be said of the ensemble accompanying the Ballet Rambert season at the Sadler's Wells Theatre. Of the four major companies to appear in London simultaneously during September, it was only the orchestra used by the International Ballet of the Marquis de Cuevas which was worthy of the name — and, oddly enough, in the programme it was not even named !

There is no point in continuing with ballet unless all the various elements play their part. It would be far, far better to dance to canned music than to subject the public to some of those horrid sounds which have recently assailed our ears. So wake up musicians, conductors and all those who are responsible for organising you ! You have let the side down badly.

Published by HANSOM BOOKS monthly on the 20th of the preceding month. By post: One year 27/-, Half-year 13/6, 2 years 50/-, 3 years 81/-. A loose leaf binder (value 12/6) to hold 24 copies is presented free with every three-year subscription. (Foreign: pay in sterling or by International Money Order or through agents listed in this number.) Binders for purchase are 12/6 by post. Back numbers from October 1951 available (except Nov., Dec. 1951, Jan., Mar. 1952, Jan., Feb., Apr., May, June 1953, July 1954, Jan., Apr. 1955, and Sept., Oct. 1956), price 2/3 each by post. 21 LOWER BELGRAVE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1. SLOane 0394. HANSOM BOOKS also publish every month MUSIC AND MUSICIANS, PLAYS AND PLAYERS, FILMS AND FILMING, BOOKS AND BOOKMEN, RECORDS AND RECORDING BOOKGUIDE and TECHNICAL BOOKGUIDE and is proprietor of the SEVEN ARTS BOOK CLUB.

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The Dashing Sevillian

THE world is full of Antonios, there must be millions of them scattered all over the globe, yet to most people, both in and outside the world of the dance, the name Antonio means one person — a boy born at 18 Calle del Rosario, Seville, thirty-eight years ago next November 4. Antonio Ruiz Soler, son of a mechanic from Málaga, has risen to become one of the few great stars with an international name in company with Fonteyn, Markova and Ulanova. With all the wonderful talent of the dance, this century has only produced two other names of similar magnitude — Pavlova and Nijinsky. There have been, and still are, other names attached to artists who were greater performers, but it is only this small group whose members have what is known as real star quality ; who can cause a furore at the box office and no empty seats in the auditorium whenever their names are blazoned outside a theatre. Of these, the only one to be universally known by his Christian name is — Antonio.

The achievement of a name of this magnitude has a little to do with clever publicity — but not much. Obviously a certain amount of despotism is necessary (of all these, only in Fonteyn is this factor missing) and a personality that can sweep all before it. Impresarios, publicists, other dancers, hangers-on, all have to be dealt with and put in their place. This, after all, is perfectly right because each of these persons knows that they are a valuable commodity and that wrong presentation can do infinite harm. What all of them have in common is a love of the dance, an innate sense of theatre and of giving the public, respect of which is their prime consideration, exactly what it wants. Get to know your public and it, in its turn, will never let you down.

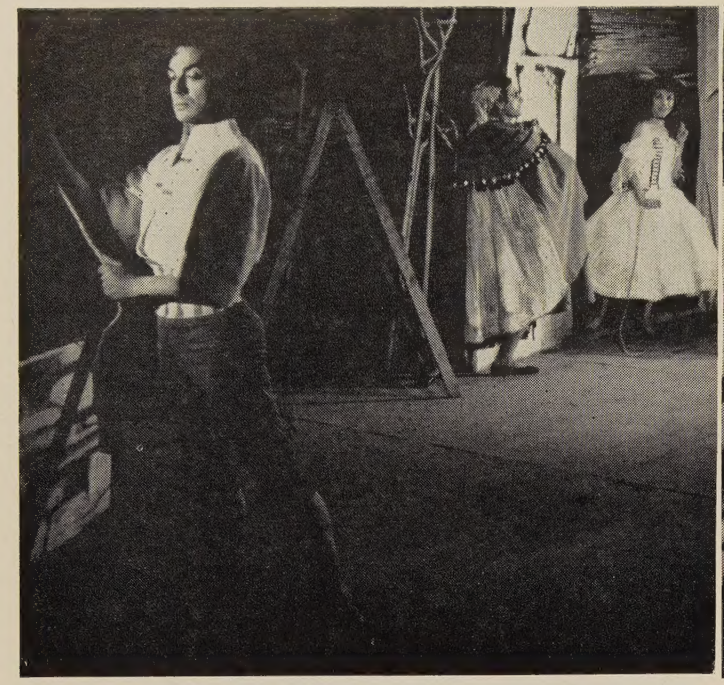
Antonio knew this from almost the age of five when he would dance in the streets of Seville. What he knew by instinct was moulded into perfection by that great Sevillian teacher — Realíto, in Flamenco and Zapateado by Frasquillo and later in classical work by Angel Pericet. It was this sound teaching which laid the foundation upon which he has been able to build his career. It is noticeable when a careful study is made of every great dance star that it is only those who had the finest tuition from a very early age who gain the highest place in the end — and are able to keep it. Whatever teachers an artist may have in later life, if the foundation has not been built up on discipline and great teaching then the final result is bound to be lacking in ultimate distinction.

It was at Realíto's studio that Antonio met Rosario Perez Padilla and it was with her that the great act of Antonio and Rosario was formed. And here is yet another important factor in the building-up of the dance star — the finding of a suitable partner. There is no doubt that in these early days, the two dancers contributed a great deal to the art of the other. Together they danced at fêtes and fairs in Spain and later in Europe, South America and finally America in 1940. Although the success of these two had been mounting with the years, and with their growing maturity, it was New York that set the final seal on their eminence. It was also

(Continued on page 9)

ANTONIO, who has again brought his company to Great Britain and which is now in the middle of a six-week season at the London Coliseum, is seen above, in Lido's picture, at his home in Madrid. It is here that he has his studio and school and where he plans all his new works and rehearses his old ones.

LA TABERNA DEL TORO (below) : The last third of the company's present programme at the Coliseum is devoted entirely to flamenco scenes, songs and dances. The corps de ballet *of girls are here seen in* Tanguillo de la Vendedora *watched by Paco Ruiz, Antonio's cousin, seen at the table on the left. Photo : Geynes.*



PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS : The most recent creation by Antonio has been his version of Manuel de Falla's The Three-Cornered Hat, *scenes from which appear on this and the opposite page. Above left, the Miller (Antonio) is seen drawing water from the well while his wife (Rosita Segovia) flirts with a local dandy. Above right, the Governor (Rodolfo Otero) and his wife (Carmen Rollan) appear on the scene.*

Pictures on this and the opposite page, together with the cover picture of Antonio dancing the Farucca, are by Geynes of Madrid.

TROUBLE AHEAD : The ballet opens with heralds announcing the fact that the Governor and his wife will be passing in procession through the village. This scene now takes place to the music, used in the Massine version, for the prelude before the curtain rises.

(Continued from page 7)

in New York that Argentinita — great person, dancer, and sister of Pilar Lopez — offered them wise counsel which undoubtedly put the polish on their work and presentation that has stood both of them in good stead ever since.

After 14 years away from Spanish soil it was natural, particularly for Spaniards, that they should want to return home. But it is not so easy for Spaniards who have been away from their native country for many years to return in triumph — outside opinion means little in that country. However, after some initial lack of interest, Spain took the two dancers back to its warm heart — the intended five recitals in Madrid were extended to 40 — the kids from Seville had become famous European stars. Their first visit to England was for a television performance in 1950, their first live performance in Britain was at the Edinburgh Festival in the same year. Their reputation was such that when they opened their first London season, at the Cambridge Theatre, in the following year, they were an instant hit, and this was repeated when they came back to the same theatre in the following year. After this the partnership, possibly the most famous in the history of Spanish dance, broke up.

When Antonio came to London again he had a company and on a further return in 1955 he had, in addition to a company, two partners — Rosita Segovia and Carmen Rojas, who have remained with him ever since. After so many years of exhausting recital work it was natural that Antonio should need greater support — so that he could dance less himself and turn his attention to building-up and presenting the company which surrounds him. It is a natural development in someone who has the star quality to the extent that he has. While many people may regret the passing of the perfection, in different aspects of the Spanish dance, which Antonio and Rosario brought to their recitals, this more recent phase undoubtedly presents a remarkable stage spectacle, and Antonio himself remains a superb star of the theatre and of the Spanish dance.

AN UNWANTED ADMIRER: Top left, the Governor and his wife arrive in procession. Top right, the Miller's wife (Rosita Segovia) is amused at the Governor's attentions and dances for him. Below right, the Miller's wife further goads the doddering old man with bunches of grapes.

Marquis in St. Martin's Lane

The International Ballet of the Marquis de Cuevas returned to London, after several years to give a season at the Coliseum in St. Martin's Lane. The four programmes in this four-week season are reviewed by PETER WILLIAMS and CLIVE BARNES

THE LAST PRIVATE OWNER? The Marquis de Cuevas supervises the lighting of the ballets in his company's repertory. Photo : Lido.

FIRST PROGRAMME

THERE is something like a grand apotheosis about performances by the company directed by the Marquis de Cuevas. As the last privately owned major company in the world it gathers around itself the remaining shreds of finery bequeathed by Court ballet companies of the last four centuries. Like searching through an old dressing-up chest these shreds vary considerably from year to year — a few years ago the plumes were somewhat dishevelled, today they are nodding majestically and are worn with pride. If the privately owned ballet ship is sinking it is certainly going down with all its flags flying and all its guns firing.

The opening night of the company's season in London was a very grand affair — the audience was far more "Tout Londres" than the Paris one is "Tout Paris". In fact not for years have I seen a ballet audience so a-nod and a-glitter. Ballerinas and film stars jostled for space in which to be photographed and even the ample promenade spaces of the Coliseum could hardly provide kitten-swinging room. But it was good to have ballet back at the Coliseum, a theatre which in the past has known many glorious ballet nights and afternoons (in the days of variety there were always two performances daily).

Noir et Blanc

Just how good a stage this theatre has for dance spectacles was made immediately apparent when the curtain rose on Lifar's *Noir et Blanc*. This is a wonderful company showcase, though I find it impossible to be impressed any more by Lifar's choreography for it. There was a time when the opulent and lush Lalo score, the massiveness of its presentation and the effectiveness of its lack of colour added up to a staggering piece of exhibition architecture — now I can see that the construction is merely made of cardboard. The eternal processions of dancers along rostrums, up and down staircases, distract attention from the *soli* and various *pas* going on in the foreground and some of the movements are completely at variance with the music. Unfortunate as these deficiencies may be they are barely noticeable if the dancing is good — on this occasion it was more than that and I don't know when I have seen the company in better form. A quite splendid array of dancing we saw, and Taras seemed to have hammered discipline into the *corps de ballet*. Vyroubova danced the "La Ciagarette" variation with the sort of witty elegance that Markova once brought to the Polka in Ashton's *Façade*, Serge Golovine danced the Mazurka with style and crisp precision, not quite with the aristocracy that Skibine used to bring but imposing enough. The "La Flute" solo is not really for Rosella Hightower as it needs a greater elegance of line, but her technical assurance is beyond question. A newcomer to London was Maria Santestevan, a dusky Latin beauty with a firm technique and pleasing line, who made a good showing of the *Pas de Cinq* supported by four boys — Yelle Bettencourt, Leo Guerard, Armando Navarro and Imre Varady. These boys deserve special mention because they leap and jump and turn with such exciting vitality at various points throughout the ballet that they make it all seem more vital than it actually is.

Night Shadow

Balanchine's *Night Shadow* had its first European performance by this company during their first visit to Covent Garden over ten years ago. It has remained in the repertory almost consistently throughout the intervening years. It is the sort of ballet I love — terribly Romantic and full of love, jealousy and death. Now that I have come to know so well the three Bellini operas — *La Somnambula, I Puritani* and *Norma* — from which Rieti has culled various extracts and orchestrated in masterly fashion, I find the score less endearing than of old. Somehow I found myself longing for a Callas to sing, fill out the music and overwhelm me. Even so the score as it stands is gloriously full of sombre passion. It is also important as being one of the few Balanchine ballets with a strong narrative. For this reason it may remain high in public esteem long after the symphonic ballets are remembered only for the symphonies upon which they are superimposed.

The crux of the work lies in the long, original and incredibly beautiful *pas de deux* for the Sleepwalker and the Poet. Possibly one of the most original dances for two people in any ballet of our time it was movingly given by Vyroubova and Golovine. About 18 months ago I wrote in praise of Vyroubova in this rôle when she first gave it in Monte Carlo, and I still think she is wonderful. What makes it all so difficult is that it has to appear completely effortless ; if there is any sense of strain then all the illusion goes. As the Poet,

NOIR ET BLANC : *The two principal ballerinas, Hightower and Vyroubova, are kneeling in the foreground of this picture of Lifar's ballet. Polajenko and Serge Golovine attend them. The rest of the company's stars, soloists and* corps *surround them.*
Photo : de Rota.

Golovine rather suffers from a lack of height, and this rather detracts from his important first entrance. The guests are dancing and suddenly the Poet is there in their midst — they all stop to look at him and wonder. Golovine looks Romantic but lost, Skibine used to show a definite sense of purpose while losing nothing of his Romantic aura. Skibine's attitude towards the Sleepwalker was also different — first intrigued, then almost playful as he finds how he can control the movements of the somnambulist, gradually he awakens to love. Golovine never quite conveyed any of these things and seemed detached from the situation.

As the Coquette, who flirts with the Poet and then becomes jealous on the discovery of a turn in the Poet's affections, Daphne Dale left little impression of anything other than a very beautiful girl. The gossip scene when she spills the beans to the Baron has lost its viciousness. The Baron of Don Spottswood became a shadowy figure of no substance and it was a pity that the ballet master, John Taras, could not have been persuaded to take over this rôle which he used to give with such a feeling of self-indulgent decadence.

The three divertissements were given competently if not particularly excitingly except for the bounding Daniel Seillier in the "hoops" *pas de trois*. Apart from Vyroubova I have certainly seen the company give better performances of this ballet, though it is one of the few works of our time which I can always come back to with pleasure.

Pas de Trois Classique

Another Balanchine work, this time in the pure neo-classical style of which he is the undoubted master, and his *Pas de Trois* to music from *Paquita* of Minkus is a show-stopper if ever there was one. It is really more exciting than a *pas de deux* because with two ballerinas there is the feeling of competition which always makes for stimulating theatrical dancing. It's something when you have the company's three stars vying with each other, and Rosella Hightower, Nina Vyroubova and Serge Golovine went all out to give it all they had got. The onslaught brought the house crashing down in cheers, led by the Marquis himself, whose high-pitched machine-gun-like "Bravo" could be heard above the rest like a good Turandot should tower above the massive chorus in the trial scene from Puccini's opera.

Hightower is a marvellous technician and there seems to be nothing that she cannot do. In her variation, she balanced and turned as though it was as easy as eating breakfast, but a slight vulgarity has crept into her work and I missed the style with which she used to dance the *Black Swan* variation in the old days. Vyroubova danced her variation with the elegance of a Danilova, and she had that suggestion of coquetry which was always so noticeable in the old school of Russian ballerina from Pavlova downwards in this kind of solo. Oddly enough, both ballerinas made their national backgrounds abundantly clear in their different approaches to these dances.

With two such distinguished ladies present, it is perhaps ungallant to award the golden apple to Golovine. How this dancer has improved with the passing years! In his stage presence, in his manners and in the lovely cleanness of his dancing. In shape he bears a slight resemblance to the pictures of Vestris and undoubtedly he is the "Dieu de la Danse" of contemporary French ballet. His elevation is prodigious — he just soars in the air without any apparent preparation. Every movement is immaculately finished and that certain untidiness, which occasionally marred his work in the past, is now a forgotten thing. His double *cabrioles* are something I would willingly visit the theatre nightly to see, though they would be improved even more if he did not bring the upper part of his body forward. Whereas once there were many faults in his work, today I can only find one — he should straighten his knees more.

GAIETE PARISIENNE : *Leonide Massine dancing the rôle he created for himself — The Peruvian — in his ballet to Offenbach music which closed the opening programme. Photo : Lido.*

Gaiete Parisienne

When Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo first brought Massine's *Gaîeté Parisienne* to Drury Lane in 1938, I thought it an inferior work, though I felt an outsider when I admitted it because everyone else seemed to adore it. When Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo was in America during the war, the ballet gained even greater popularity and was an instant hit in every one of the many towns where it was shown across the breadth and depth of North and South America. As I read and listened to the eulogies heaped upon it, I began to feel that there must have been something I had missed, some hideous failing in me. When I saw it on this evening, as the final ballet, and with Massine himself in the rôle of the Peruvian, I regained my self-confidence. It is still the inferior ballet I always knew it to be, but today I am not alone in thinking so, though don't run away with the idea that it did not have a success with the audience — on the whole it did.

The main and worst fault with it is its construction. You might think that I place too much importance on this fact. But just as the most wonderful painting technique in the world means nothing if a picture lacks composition, so it is with a play or a ballet should they lack construction. There should be an apex and whether you leave the work at this highest point or whether you descend from it again does not matter, the fact remains that it must be there. In *Gaîeté Parisienne* there is no apex and it goes rambling on, introduces you to a lot of outworn characters supposed to represent the gay world of Paris in the last century, does nothing with them and then finishes. Even this would not matter so much if the characters were delineated more clearly, but they are not. It is only Massine's own rôle of the Peruvian which stands out in sharp outline and frankly he is not really of any great importance so the ballet as a whole is not helped.

It is always a pleasure, however, to see Massine appear on the stage — his dynamic quality and immaculate style never leave him. His speed may have slowed down but few artists can put so much expression into their hands and the whole line of their bodies.

I thought that Hightower was miscast as the Glove-Seller. She made a brave shot at it but these semi-soubrette rôles really need the commanding presence and the authority of a Danilova. The rest of the company went through the ballet with exuberance and a feeling that they were enjoying it all. But I am afraid the ballet is a lost cause and not even the lilting Offenbach music, not very imaginatively arranged by Rosenthal, can breathe any real life into this evening at the Cafe Tortoni during the height of the Second Empire.

But whatever the failings of the individual works and any slight failings in their performance, it was an excellently well arranged programme with something for everybody. John Taras has cajoled the company back into tip-top form. **P. W.**

SECOND PROGRAMME

Constantia

The second programme, on September 15, brought back some more old favourites though the opening work, William Dollar's *Constantia*, has never been high in my list of notable abstract works. Based on Chopin's F Minor Piano Concerto, the ballet is intended to be "inspired by the

romantic idealism proper to the composer's genius". The *Andante* was said to be dedicated to Constantia, a young Polish singer, whom Chopin adored but never met, and is herself expressed in the music.

Well, all this gives the lie to the reason for the title but nothing much else. The choreography is mainly out-moded and trite but the company danced with sincerity and gave the impression that it was a better work than it actually is. Though the high spot was obviously the dancing of Golovine, the work also gave opportunity of seeing two of the company's other principal dancers — Maria Santestevan and Genia Melikova. Both have definite star quality and if either of them were given important rôles to create I think that they would automatically become greater names in the world of dance than they are now.

As far as I can remember this ballet used, when the company first came to Covent Garden, to have a setting — I seem to remember a rush of blues. Now, the setting has been replaced by black velvets and the costumes are mainly white except for Melikova, who is in blue. It is certainly less worrying this way, but I could not see the reason for a group of white-clad ladies looking for all the world like angels, who made a sudden appearance. They produced an effect anything but angelic in the minds of the audience who tend to greet such interpolations with suppressed titters. Altogether an unstimulating but inoffensive opening ballet.

Grand Pas Classique

Unfortunately missing Lifar's *Duetto* for Vyroubova and Golovine to Liszt music, the *pas de deux* on the evening I went was Gzovsky's *Grand Pas Classique* to Auber music given by Jacqueline Moreau and Nicholas Polajenko. Moreau, when she was with the Ballets des Champs-Elysées, was the first ballerina to dance this work in England. Her figure has thickened a bit since those days and her technique is less sharp and brilliant, though she was effective enough and dancing better than I have seen her for some time.

Polajenko is a puzzle to me. He has the dusky good looks of a film star, he has a fine technique — beautiful elevation and beats — yet he presents a "lazy" appearance upon the stage and somehow looks as though he just could not care less. He can do almost anything and is stooping less than he used to, but the total result is rather negative.

Piege de Lumiere

I don't much care for "animal" ballets — as soon as cats start tweaking their ears, dogs waving their paws, birds start twittering and butterflies start fluttering I become acutely embarrassed and I wish I were somewhere else. But I never feel this way about John Taras's *Piége de Lumiére,* which ended the programme; in fact it is a ballet I would love to see more often.

Philippe Heriat's book is original and truly Romantic, only it is a romanticism of our time. Convicts catching butterflies are a welcome change from Highlanders catching sylphs. The opening scenes for the convicts at play seem to have been tightened up and shortened since I last saw the work, and this is all to the ballet's advantage. Nicholas Polajenko, as the novice convict who tries to capture the Queen of the Morphides, has his best rôle and his air of detachment fits the part admirably.

But it is Hightower's ballet and unquestionably the finest thing she has done. From her first entrance in procession, borne aloft and with long blue wings fluttering behind her, she dominates the work. She really seems to become metamorphosed into some exotic insect and she overcomes every hazard of the wickedly difficult choreography that Taras has devised. She spins and flutters, now catching the sunlight, now in the shade of tropical vegetation. Her love *pas de deux* with the Iphias (Wasil Tupin) has the freedom and gliding quality that always seems apparent with butterflies mating on early Spring mornings. It would appear that the choreographer and the dancers had indulged in a number of lepidopterous observations, though I doubt if this was actually the case — anyway the result appears to be a genuine piece of choreographic natural history.

Some of the other butterflies were not so well disciplined, though the dances for the convicts amounted to a virile and manly display.

The décor by Labisse needed more sensitive lighting, but André Levasseur's costumes are still very beautiful. Jean-Michel Damase's score is of the Roland Petit school, which means that on its own it would not be seriously considered in a concert hall but as ballet music it is admirable — atmospheric and providing lush melodies in the right places. **P. W.**

THE THIRD PROGRAMME

THE programme opened with a reprise of Lifar's *Noir et Blanc.* With all its lack of musical sensitivity, its ponderously pompous patterns and its inartistic use of the classical technique as a branch of athletics, there is nevertheless a sturdy sort of professionalism running through it, which perhaps sets it apart from the rest of the choreographer's work. Certainly it sets it apart from the ballet that was that night given its London première:

L' Amour et Son Destin

Ballet by Serge Lifar in 2 acts and 4 scenes. Choreography by Serge Lifar and Dimitri Parlic. Music by Tchaikovsky. Décor and Costumes by Georges Wakhevitch.

Cast

The Woman ..... NINA VYROUBOVA
The Man ..... SERGE GOLOVINE
Destiny ..... GENIA MELIKOVA
The Seducer ... JACQUELINE MOREAU
The Red Warrior GEORGES GOVILOFF
Two other Warriors ... NICHOLAS POLAJENKO, WASIL TUPIN
White Angels, Black Angels, etc.

At the conclusion of this *Love and Destiny* the theatre became very animated — more animated I think than any London ballet theatre since this self-same company did *Mad Tristan* nearly a decade ago — boos, cheers, applause, shouts, whistles. When the dancers came on they were greeted with loud and prolonged cheering, which reached its climax for Vyroubova and Golovine. Then with his well-known reluctant modesty Lifar, who had just flown over from Paris, was prevailed upon to take a call with the dancers, and immediately provoked a veritable tempest of animosity from the normally well-behaved London audience. Vyroubova — understandably the audience's darling — kissed him, but even this vote of confidence failed to quell the storm of boos and counter cheers that whistled round his head.

Personally I feel embarrassed when anyone gets the bird, especially in certain cases when the adverse reception is not spontaneous and fairly general but merely stirred up by one or two trouble-makers. On the other hand the audience must have the right to discourage as well as encourage, and I must say this reception, although in poor taste, spoke volumes for the dis-

L'AMOUR ET SON DESTIN: *Golovine leaps in Lifar's ballet to the Tchaikovsky's Pathétique Symphony, in the left-hand picture. On the right is Genia Melikova, as Destiny, in the same ballet.* *Photos: Lido.*

LE MAL DU SIECLE : *Two scenes from James Starbuck's ballet. Left, Hightower with Polajenko in a* pas de deux. *Right, Daphne Dale, Hightower and Carmen Mathe in " Keep it Smooth ".* *Photos : Lido.*

crimination of the regular London ballet audience.

The ballet itself was far less interesting. One noted authority seemed to be under the impression that it re-raised the controversy of "symphonic ballet", imagining that this took it up where Massine left it off. Well, it didn't. Massine's idea was to visualise in dance movement the musical construction of a symphony. In the course of this he usually employed a pretentious allegorical programme. While Lifar also used a programme, and it was certainly pretentious, the personifications were not clear enough to justify it being called an allegory. Furthermore, although the choreography was often surprisingly accurate metronomically, I would hardly call it musical, and surely no one could claim that it reflected anything of Tchaikovsky's musical structure.

Without question the Pathétique Symphony is, in Tchaikovsky's words, "full of subjective emotion". The composer even contemplated calling it *A Programme Symphony,* but insisted that the programme was a sort "that remains enigmatic to everyone — let them guess it who can". Lifar's guess is that if a man's love-life interferes with his career, the love-life is bound to go. The programme note puts it more delicately: "and this time — this love will have its destiny. Destiny, visitor sublime, invisible yet always present master, who orders, and destroys and ends our earthly existence — comes once again to decide a man's destiny — in the same way that Tchaikovsky himself was chosen. It is necessary for a man to follow his destiny, and this causes the heartbreaking separation of two beings in love". Unfortunately space does not permit the complete note to be given, which is rather a pity because it is a collector's piece of its kind.

Apparently Lifar's original intention was to produce this ballet simultaneously at the Paris Opéra with Yvette Chauviré and for the De Cuevas Company with Nina Vyroubova. Not only was this ambition not to be realised, but he was unable to find time to finish even the De Cuevas version, and the Yugoslav choreographer Dimitri Parlic was called in to assist him. Which part of the ballet is Lifar's and which part Parlic's has never been made clear — although I have heard it suggested that Lifar was only responsible for the various *pas de deux* and the general layout of the rest — yet in the event it is difficult to descry the hand of two cooks stirring this remarkable broth.

The predominating quality of the whole ballet is its utter pointlessness. Dancers come in, tear around the stage like blue-nosed flies, jump up and down, furiously doing what their dancing teacher has presumably told them they do best, then flash off again before muscular fatigue overtakes them. A funny little group of black angels occasionally runs through the ballet holding their hands up in comic supplication, bold knights curvet round the stage in *enchaînement* after *enchaînement,* twisting twirling, twiddling and signifying less than the idiot's tale. There is no characterisation — apart from a few facial grimaces from the dancers — no pattern, no design, only dancing which uses the music absolutely precisely as music is used in a dancing class. Lifar, and in this work at least Parlic, choreograph to rhythm, and the orchestra seemed an unnecessary expense — a few drums and drum-sticks would surely provide everything that was needed. Just for one moment in the last movement a *pas de deux* for Golovine and Vyroubova emerged that was rather interesting. It had the beginnings of some kind of expressive dance.

Wakhevitch's décor consisted of old-fashioned backdrops depicting ruined cities, glowing clouds and bits of string. Every time they had to be changed an unseen man at the back waved a football-rattle, and this I found one of the more amusing aspects of the ballet. In fact, I rather enjoyed waiting for the rattle. The costumes were not very nice. Those for the warriors seemed to be derived, as did one of the backdrops, from Wakhevitch's designs for *Le Combat,* and comprised space helmets and coloured dungarees. Also notable were the naughty girls in the grand seduction scene, who sported black bodices and pink-mauve tights and had their hair done up in horse-tails. Very sexy that lot looked! Although the ballet was clearly intended to reveal Vyroubova and Golovine, it seems to have been thought that for London, Wakhevitch's costumes revealed too much of them, and we were consequently given new costumes for the principals by Roberto Coppa. This put Golovine into an ancient British bear-skin, and Vyroubova into a cute little pink party dress.

Curiously enough despite the banality of the work's conception and the inanity of its execution, it was not a dead loss. Far from it, the dancing was so good that it contrived to give the monstrosity a sort of basic entertainment value. Vyroubova and Golovine gave stupendous performances, that were worthy of so much better material. Since her last appearances in London Vyroubova has become one of the greatest ballerinas in the Western world. Her beautifully tender dancing, perfect in its small detail and yet never finicky, has a natural warmth and elegance that emerges in whatever she does. Golovine, wearing a distraught look of characterisation round his neck like a badge of office, danced tirelessly. The most wonderful thing about his dancing is its ease, and here he took in his stride the most prodigious feats with the nonchalant air of a millionaire signing cheques.

Melikova, spinning first in that direction, then in this, whirled through the ballet with easy assurance, a sneer and a nasty grey costume embroidered with bicycle-chains. Moreau did everything one reasonably could do with the Seductress, while Goviloff, Polajenko and Tupin were all excellently vigorous Warriors. In fact all the male dancing in the ballet was of an unusually high quality. From the point of view of showing off male technique, the whole third movement — an *ensemble* of Warriors fighting no one in particular but getting very hot under the collar in the process — went like a bomb.

After 90 minutes of Lifar it came as a relief to arrive at the first London performance of a little Taras *pas de deux.* This was called :

Soiree Musicale

Choreography, John Taras. Music, Rossini, arranged, Benjamin Britten. Costumes, André Levasseur.

ROSELLA HIGHTOWER
NICHOLAS POLAJENKO

This was really another of those *pas de deux* about elegant Levasseur costumes. Taras's choreography for it is neat, musical and inventive. It is obviously intended to be humorous, a point apparently not perceived by the first-night audience. In this Taras is something at fault for the very slight satire is so dangerously close to the actual company's style that its wit can easily go unnoticed. Strangely enough Taras does not take into account any of the music's nationalistic colouring — Spanish, Tyrolean, etc. — and once or twice this

became disturbing. Yet it was so pleasant to see a *pas de deux* that did not include one double *tour en l'air,* and it was so cheering to see choreography that bore some kinship with the music accompanying it. On the other hand it most certainly did not dislodge memories of Tudor's ballet to this music.

Rosella Hightower, glamorously dressed in a tutu of brown, black and gold with a velvet bodice, looked like a courtesan of the very best old school. Pursuing and often catching her with bored fervour was Nicholas Polajenko in grey tights, black jacket and white shirt complete with splendid blue ribbon and looking every inch the ambassador of a minor central European republic that he undoubtedly was. Both of them danced well, Hightower in particular showing just the sparkle she had earlier lacked in *Gaîté Parisienne.*

The programme ended with a revival of George Skibine's *Le Prisonnier de Caucase.* This has been given new décors by Wakhevitch since last seen in London. These are handsome in their heavy-handed operatic way, and very suitable for the ballet. Although the three original principals, Marjorie Tallchief, George Skibine and Vladimir Skouratoff, are all now gone, it says much for the general standard of the present company that despite deficiencies in the playing of the central characters, the ballet as a whole came over perhaps better than before.

Georges Goviloff was not really an adequate replacement for the elegant Skibine. He danced energetically but completely lacked the magnetism and romantic bearing that made Skibine so remarkable in the rôle. Wasil Tupin as his adversary the Warrior Chief suffered in much the same way from comparison with Skouratoff, even though here the disparity was not so marked. Daphne Dale looked beautiful as the Circassian Girl who releases the officer from his captors, and her first solo was remarkably well performed. Yet in the *pas de deux* with Goviloff after the escape, neither she nor he were able to convey much emotion other than the well-founded fears for the outcome of the very difficult *pas de deux.* Her final suicide also lacked the ritualistic dignity and human pathos that Tallchief was able to express.

Yet once again the dancing of the male *ensemble* — with Danel Seillier flamboyantly much in evidence — carried all before it.

C. B.

THE FOURTH PROGRAMME

THE programme opened with a revival of *Les Sylphides,* which was remarkable chiefly for Nina Vyroubova, partly for Serge Golovine, and for really very little else. Vyroubova, whose elevation is by no means exceptional, elected to dance the Prelude rather than the Mazurka, but instead of the customary rearrangement of solos in such a case, she danced the *pas de deux* immediately afterwards, which seemed a mistake.

It was most interesting to compare Vyroubova in this ballet with Chauviré, who danced it with the Royal Ballet a few weeks back. Both of these great French ballerinas have a tendency to shift the style back away from Fokine into the Romantic ballet from which Fokine derived his inspiration. But Vyroubova, far more than Chauviré, proved successful in still retaining Fokine's own conception, so that her echoes of that earlier Romanticism actually added to her portrayal and were not a beautiful but irrelevant distraction. Altogether I would place this Prelude among the best of recent years, and she was equally successful in suggesting the gossamer-lightness of the *pas de deux.*

Golovine had a moment of triumph in the final *Valse Brillante,* and partnered well throughout, but the actual dancing of his solo Mazurka was just a shade uncouth, and attempted not only more than he could do with complete precision but also more than the choreography called for.

The décor by Eugene Dunkel is described as being after Corot. Were the luckless Corot still alive I have a shrewd suspicion that he would be after Dunkel. This horrible wishy-washy pastel mess of a backcloth did nobody any good. The orchestration was by someone called N. Stein and was just about as tasteless as the décor.

Yet soon we were to have our ideas of what was tasteless and what was not tasteless given a brand new yard-stick, for after a too-brief interval came :

Le Mal du Siecle

Choreography, James Starbuck. Music, Alex North. Décor and Costumes, Alwyne Camble.

ROSELLA HIGHTOWER
NICHOLAS POLAJENKO
and Company

This "Souvenir for a future generation" is hardly worth seriously considering. It is supposed to be concerned with the contemporary "beat generation" of which the choreographer James Starbuck, who was a principal dancer with the San Francisco Opera Ballet in 1935, must be by now quite a senior member. Intended to be a mixture of classical ballet and jazz movement, it is in fact chiefly uninventive and ineffective classical steps interspersed with a little old-fashioned musical comedy dancing, all set to some puerile "swing music" by Alex North. This kind of thing can only be done by men like Jerome Robbins and Leonard Bernstein. The hideous décor and costumes were by Alwyne Camble. A sinister note in the programme reads "décor and costumes by Alwyne Camble (executed in the company's workshops)". Hell, why discriminate! The other two were as much to blame as Camble. The ballet was badly danced.

Diagramme

Choreography, Janine Charrat. Music, Bach. Décor and Costumes, Gerard Munschy.

JACQUELINE MOREAU
WASIL TUPIN GEORGES GOVILOFF
MICHEL NUNES PHILIP SALEM

There is always something effective about a classic ballet to Baroque music — within certain limits it can hardly fail. Janine Charrat's new plotless *Diagramme* to a Bach Brandeburg Concerto is far from being a bad ballet, but equally far from being outstanding. The combination of dancers, one girl and four men, is unusual, and Charrat makes some use of the differing *ensemble* possibilities it offers, but when all is said and done the choreography was not really very inspired.

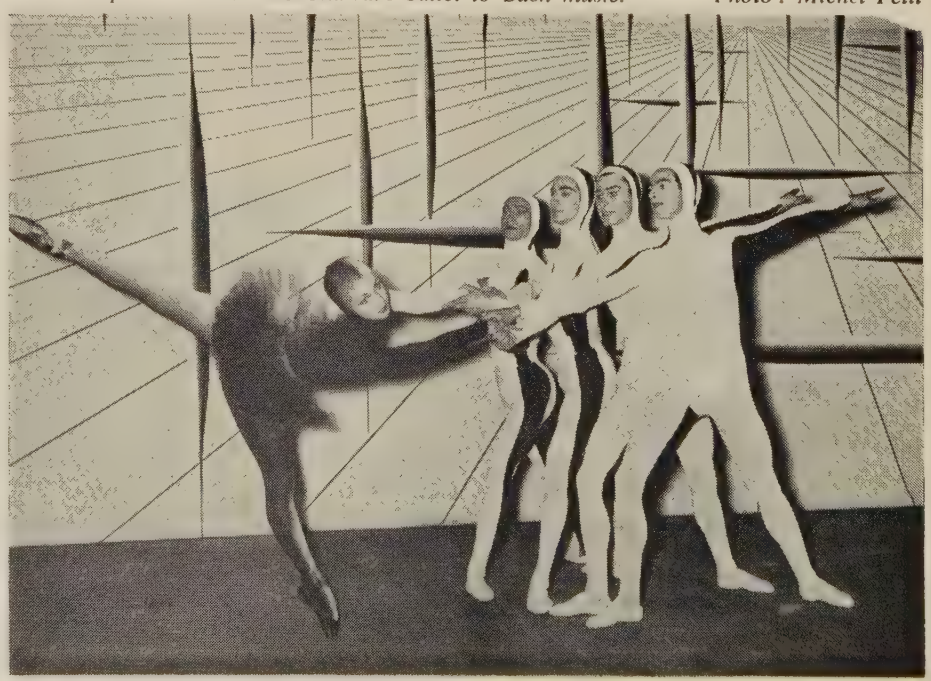
Charrat's style, which has some of the tasteless excess of Lifar but is disciplined by a far more acute choreographic imagination, is not particularly suited to Bach.

The backcloth by Gerard Munschy was a rather ordinary geometrical design in grey, white and black, rather of the kind one used to see in chic advertisements. There was also a dated modishness about the all-over costumes for the men, and the ballerina's tutu sprayed half black and half white. Although Jacqueline Moreau danced the first performance I was only able to see Genia Melikova. She is a well-equipped dancer, yet without a great deal of personality, and rather poor arms and shoulders. She danced the ballet perfectly adequately and was well supported by the four boys, who all danced better singly than together.

The programme was completed with another stunning performance of Balanchine's *Paquita Pas de Trois* with, of course, Golovine, Hightower and Vyroubova, and finally *Gaîté Parisienne.* In this Danel Seillier danced exceptionally well in Massine's own rôle of the Peruvian, and will do better when he has been able to develop a characterisation of his own, not too slavishly based on Massine.

C. B.

DIAGRAMME : *Jacqueline Moreau with Wasil Tupin, Michel Nunes, Georges Goviloff and Philip Salem in Janine Charrat's ballet to Bach music.* *Photo : Michel Petit*



NEW BALLETS IN LONDON

TWO FROM FESTIVAL BALLET

Romeo and Juliet

First given in London by London's Festival Ballet at the Royal Festival Hall, on August 27, 1958. Choreography by Oleg Briansky. Music by Tchaikovsky. Scenery and Costumes by André Levasseur.

Juliet ..... NATALIE KRASSOVSKA
Romeo ..... OLEG BRIANSKY

"O break, my heart! — poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end emotion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

BEFORE either praising or condemning a ballet of this kind, it is necessary to consider the reasons for it being done at all. Originally this choreographic version of Tchaikovsky's symphonic poem was created by Briansky, his first attempt at choreography, for a concert tour which he and Krassovska were involved in for South America.

The critic has to look at works created to be shown under these conditions in a very different light to the way he would consider a work for the regular repertory of a large-scale ballet company. The fact is that for concert performances, the actual choreography becomes a second consideration to the dancing of the stars who appear upon the stage. After endless classical *soli* and *pas de deux*, any work which has some

DESIGNS FOR A TRAGEDY: André Levasseur's design for the setting for Romeo and Juliet *(above), showing how he suggested period as well as giving the ballet a dream-like state. The set should have been completed by using wings of gauze drapes, but black velvets were substituted. The two costume designs below are for Romeo, on the left, with the patterns of material still attached; for Juliet, on the right, showing the different silhouettes as various parts of the garment are discarded. Photos: Roy Round*

STAR-CROSSED LOVERS: Two studies of Natalie Krassovska, as Juliet, and Oleg Briansky, as Romeo, taken by Roy Round during the actual performance.

semblance of a complete ballet comes as a relief to the concert ballet audience even if the choreography is not of earth-shaking importance.

Festival Ballet have long wanted a ballet to the Tchaikovsky *Romeo and Juliet* possibly for reasons that they know this composer goes down well with the type of audience they draw. The combination of this desire with the fact that Briansky was with the company as guest artist and had already mounted a work to the music prompted the company to take the ballet into their repertory — almost unseen. Unfortunately a concert ballet of this kind completely changes its aspect when presented in a programme of large ballets danced by a full company. The fact that Briansky is still a novice where choreography is concerned did not help matters much either. He has an idea of choreography most certainly, but he has as yet to learn how to string his steps together so that they flow and form some sort of narrative.

Had I not known the story, I should have been most mystified about the goings-on upon the stage — as it was I still remained rather mystified. If there is any sort of story to tell it should never be presumed that the spectator knows anything of what has gone before. For about 18 minutes two people in medieval costumes appeared to be suffering a great deal — but why? Frankly nobody should have to ask themselves this question even if they have known the *Romeo and Juliet* story since childbirth. That I think is a major fault in Briansky's work and more is the pity because nobody could have so graphically conveyed the whole essence of the tragedy as has Tchaikovsky in his descriptive music, even appallingly played as it was by Geoffrey Corbett and his "Promenade" Orchestra.

But if there was little coherence in Briansky's choreographic arrangements — and somehow it seemed to be doing the sort of dying-moment flash-back that Helpmann once successfully achieved in *Hamlet* — there was quite a lot to be said for the dancing. Briansky looked romantic and extremely noble and he had given himself, not unnaturally, all the steps which he can do best. He jumps, beats and turns with the sort of virile grace that is most noticeable in dancers trained in France — dancers trained in England rarely show this quality. Admittedly there was an excess of these things and as far as any story-telling went they became pointless, but it is always a pleasure to see dancing of this kind.

Krassovska made a ravishingly beautiful Juliet and gave a most sensitive performance, so sensitive that I would like to see her in a more important ballet version of this drama of two Veronese families. She danced well but tended to strain and this sometimes spoilt her line.

The major honours went, however, to André Levasseur, who designed two lovely costumes and a setting that was remarkable in that it fitted comfortably into the panoramic dimensions of the Festival Hall stage. Juliet's be-flowered white costume was in fact three costumes, different parts of which were removed as the ballet progressed. It was as if Botticelli had descended upon the recent Paris collections. The high waist with its very full skirt flowing straight out from under the bust gave it a look of contemporary chic yet, apart from its mid-calf length, it was completely in the period of Shakespeare's play. It is one of the great features of Levasseur's designing that however simple the costume he still manages to fill the stage. For Romeo he had not departed far from the traditional tunic and black tights, yet again the dark olive green tunic-front and the white slashing and puffed sleeves looked simple and elegant.

Gothic shapes predominated in the setting and their indefinite lines gave the feeling of unreality — of something seen in a dream or a coma. Four guardian figures, bearing torches, could vaguely be seen throughout the ballet, yet why, at one moment, they turned inwards, and never at the same time, I have yet to fathom — one of them never really turned at all in the three performances I saw. The great thing about this setting was that it suggested period and place as well as making an environment for two dancers on a wide stage.

P. W.

The New Ballet

(At the time of writing, the winning title for this work has not been announced)

First given by London's Festival Ballet, at the Festival of Nervi in Genoa, on July 11, 1958, and titled Octetto. **First London performance at the Royal Festival Hall on September 9, 1958. Choreography by Paddy Stone. Music from various sources orchestrated by Arthur Wilkinson. Costumes designed by Jack Notman.**

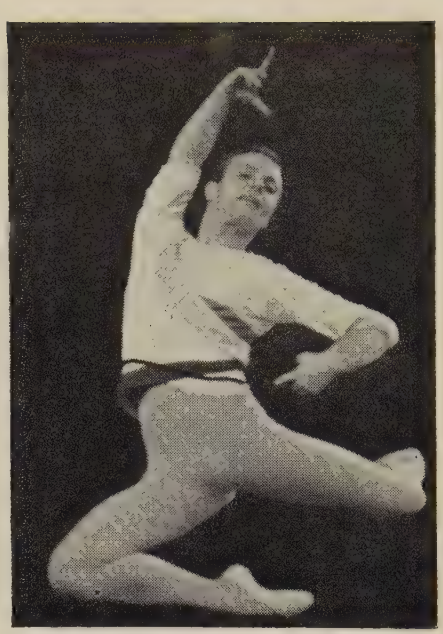
Cast

JOHN GILPIN	ANITA LANDA
LOUIS GODFREY	ESTELLE NOVA
KEITH BECKETT	JEANNETTE MINTY
JEFFREY KOVEL	SELINA WYLIE

1st Movement: *Beguine* (Richard Addinsell) — Ensemble.
2nd Movement: *Tango* (Lecuona) — Landa, Gilpin.
3rd Movement: *Waltz* (Wilkinson) — Minty, Godfrey, Beckett.
4th Movement: *Cha-cha-cha* (Ruiz & Gimbel) — Gilpin.
5th Movement: *Fandango* (Frank Perkins) — Nova, Godfrey, Wylie, Kovel.
6th Movement: *Rhumba* (Percy Faith) — Landa, Gilpin, Godfrey, Kovel.
7th Movement: *Samba* (Percy Faith) — Ensemble.

THERE is a certain lack of seriousness about a work for which you have to invite the audience to find a title and which has not yet been divulged at least a month after the invitation was made. There did not seem to be anything particularly wrong with *Octetto,* the title given the work in Nervi, nor *Classico,* the title by which the ballet was known in Canada. There is also a lack of seriousness in presenting a ballet in costumes against no setting when in fact a setting and costumes were, I believe, designed to go with each other. These may be faults in the direction — and the artistic direction of new works and revivals, apart from *Witch Boy,* has been haphazard to say the least lately — or they may be faults of the choreographer. I don't know who is to blame, but such sloppiness comes ill from

FULL CAST: The complete cast — Gilpin and Landa, Kovel and Wylie, Beckett and Minty, Godfrey and Nova — in Paddy Stone's ballet. Photos: Mike Davis



GILPIN IN THE AIR: John Gilpin in his Cha-cha-cha solo.

a company which has many other reasons for considering itself to be a major one.

But the reasons for this ballet's failure in London whereas in Nervi it was a success must lie at the feet of the conductor and orchestra for their totally inadequate sense of the essential rhythms, at the feet of the dancers for their mainly dispirited performance, and lastly at the feet of Paddy Stone for having failed to grasp the ballet's faults and make revisions.

A ballet given in the open air, on a hot night beneath the stars, and to a Latin audience whose blood provokes a natural response to these Latin-American rhythms is a very different thing to the cold unresponsive and clinical stage of the Festival Hall and an exceedingly critical Anglo-Saxon audience. Somebody seems to have failed to understand this climatic change.

When I wrote about this ballet after its performance in Nervi I criticised its construction and also its over-use of lifts, fish-dives and so on. Naturally one does not expect choreographers to change their works after anything they might read in a magazine, and if they have the courage of their own convictions they most certainly should not do so, but the fact remains that these were major faults and they became much more apparent in London. Even a work which is intended to have no reason other than an excuse for dancing must have sound construction, accent and breathing space. Stone hammers away at a violent pace which decelerated as the ballet rattles on because the audience and the dancers have no time to breathe and boredom sets in on both sides of the footlights. Each one of the numbers would be effective enough given separately in a musical, cabaret or on TV (all the mediums in which Stone has recently worked with great success), but strung together they become indigestible. The Tango for Gilpin and Landa, which comes too early in the ballet, is weak, and oddly enough the Cha-cha-cha for Gilpin, which was previously effective, seemed to have lost much of its crispness and sparkle, although Gilpin himself puts all that he can into it. There is too little variety in all the dances for the rest.

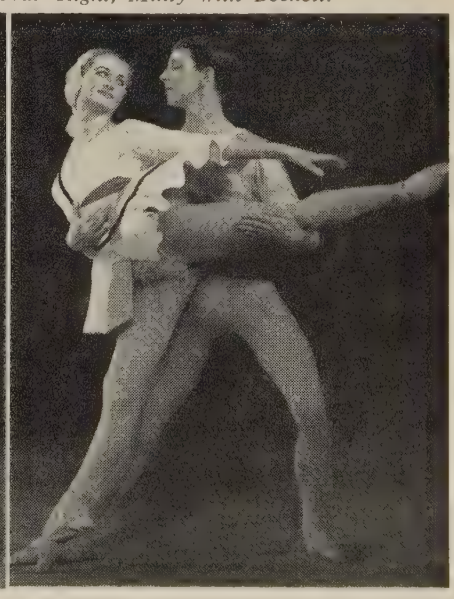
To save this ballet I think that Stone needs to build up some semblance of emotion between the two principal characters — it need only be lightly sketched in — then if they become the core of the ballet the other dances will naturally fit in around them. As it is there are no relationships established at all; therefore there is hardly any ballet.

As Jack Notman designed his costumes to be seen against a setting, and as there is now no setting, they merely look like alien fish out of water. Their design of coloured bands and sashes becomes pointless. However, I liked the cleanness of them and their clear-cut silhouette, but I could not quite see what they had to do with Latin-American rhythms.

Gracie Fields, who was the guest of honour on the Birthday Gala evening, when this ballet had its first London performance, came on the stage after the show and said that she had found a name for the work — *Hot Pot*. The most apt title would have been to add "ch" to both these words.

P. W.

THREE COUPLES: Left, Landa with Gilpin in the Tango. Middle, Godfrey with Nova. Right, Minty with Beckett.



HYMN OF MARRIAGE: Beryl Goldwyn, Norman Dixon and ensemble of Ballet Rambert dancers in two scenes (above and below) from Deryk Mendel's Epithalame, *which had its first London performance on the opening night of Rambert's recent Sadler's Wells season.* *Photos: John Oakley.*

TWO FROM BALLET RAMBERT

Epithalame

First given by the Ballet Rambert at Sadler's Wells Theatre, on September 8, 1958. Choreography by Deryk Mendel. Music by Jean Guillaume. Costumes by Deryk Mendel.

Cast

BERYL GOLDWYN NORMAN DIXON

with

Elsa Recagno June Sandbrook
Jennifer Dodd Jennifer Kelly
Shirley Dixon

"I MAY not know anything about ballet, but I *do* know what I like!" That, I suppose, is the credo of most ballet critics, or indeed most critics generally. Poor fallible creatures to the last, we are slot machines that give opinions. Show us a ballet, the machine ticks and an opinion emerges. We then rationalise the opinion, analyse the reasons for it, doll the whole thing up into some approximation of English prose, and Bob should be your uncle! Once in a while a work comes along that causes the normally smooth-running mechanism to stick. Either the opinion is just not forthcoming, or its rationalisation proves unexpectedly difficult. The puzzled critic then has to choose between confessing his shortcomings or bluffing it out. So let me make my first point about *Epithalame*. It is a machine-sticker.

Epithalame is either a very good ballet indeed or it is a colossal hoax. I believe it to be the former, but intend to keep a weather-eye open for the possibility of it being the latter. Not that I want to sit on the fence like a mugwump trying to have it both ways, yet the reader should be warned that I may be talking more nonsense than usual. If, as I think, *Epithalame* is an important ballet, then its choreographer Deryk Mendel is way ahead of most of us in his choreographic thinking. Certainly he is way ahead of me.

The ballet was originally produced at Aix-les-Bains on August 3, 1957, where it won the first International Competition for Young Choreographers. It then had a note on the programme — which has been discarded by Rambert — taken from the fourth-century Neo-Platonist Greek philosopher Synesius: "They take pleasure in speaking in parables and forms and analogies that are not able to be understood except by those who are discreet, religious and enlightened." All of which indicates a positive field-day for discreet, Neo-Platonist ballet critics. Fortunately Mendel's conception of Neo-Platonism seems the fairly basic one of symbols ascending into reality, and what he has produced is a symbolic ballet in which the symbols — luckily for all concerned — do not seem to matter much more than a damn.

In Aix the ballet had music by Olivier Messiaen, his *Quatuor pour la fin des temps*, but various difficulties arose when the composer's consent was requested for the work to have a wider showing than that provided at a one-night stand at the Festival. As a result fresh music was commissioned, Petipa/Tchaikovsky fashion, from Jean Guillaume. The choreography remained unaltered, a cart-before-horse arrangement, perhaps unique in modern ballet.

The ballet is a "hymn of marriage", a sub-title which Madame Rambert, ever-thoughtful for her public, has provided on the programme. It is Oriental in mood, and suggests two people in love during the passing of time, though whether the time that passes be hours, seasons or years is left open with an ambiguity appropriate to Platonism. Personally I saw it as a pre-nuptial ceremonial, and quote in passing, but without approval, the remark of a wit who said he had never known two people take so long to get into bed.

I come to discuss the choreography with the sickening fear that I probably will not be able to explain why it impressed me as much as it undoubtedly did. Perhaps this is because it is simple, and critics have a traditional and justifiable fear of simplicity. Nothing is easier to fake than the simple, and the Emperor's new clothes are generally in the very simplest of good taste. But curiously the thing that struck me most about *Epithalame* was its air of complete integrity.

The ballet starts with a girl encircled by five attendants, the whole group opening like a flower to Spring. At the other side of the stage stands a man, secure in statuesque virility, carrying a mildly phallic wand. The girl, dressed in virgin white, emerges from her flower to perform a measured dance of tentative joy. Eventually she is joined by the boy, and they celebrate their love with unhurried rapture. The attendants wait around and about, sometimes they are just attendants, sometimes

they are birds broadcasting the joys of love, and sometimes they are other ideas that flit momentarily through the minds of the choreographer or his audience. The day progresses, the seasons progress, evening gives way to night, summer to autumn, and high noon loses its place in their twilight love. The lovers swear their love east, south, north and west, in the four corners of the earth. The myth evoked, the ritual ended, the lovers retire to the bridal chamber and immortality. The flower closes to await the next dawn.

The choreography has been compared with Martha Graham, and, off-hand, I can think of no comparison likely to be more misleading. Of course, the theme is one which Graham might have used, indeed it is one which Graham *has* used, but the flavour of Mendel's choreography is, to me, markedly classical. It was first created for two French dancers, Françoise and Dominique. These are apparently — you know — "modern" dancers, but if they have not had a classical training I would be very surprised. Mendel makes the greatest possible use of classical line, and barefooted as it is, disregarding the *danse d'école* as it does, *Epithalame,* nevertheless, is as classically inspired as *Dark Elegies* or *Dante Sonata.* Only the French could think it a work in the modern idiom, and they confuse classicism with Lifar!

Most choreography since the advent of the Romantic ballet has been *allegro,* and where *adagio* movement are used they normally act as contrast or emphasis. Mendel's choreography is overwhelmingly *adagio* in pace, and this gives his movement-style a leisureliness which at first sight will almost certainly seem strange if not actually unwelcome. The virtues of his processional style, his sculptural, static groupings and his trick of utilising two different movement speeds running concurrently to the same rhythm, are all definitely disquieting in their novelty. While I was able to swallow this, his very conscious use of repetition rather annoyed me, and this I count, perhaps unjustifiably, as a fault.

Nor did I care over-much for Mendel's "attitude" to life shown in this ballet. He seems so clearly, and almost belligerently, a Passive Young Man, and passivity is a quality that can easily turn to smugness, which no one could say of anger. But perhaps, like Emma Hamilton, Mendel has other attitudes, and if each of them produce a ballet as sincere and, I use the word carefully, pure as *Epithalame,* they will all be welcome. Certainly I believe Mendel has something quite new and definitely important to offer ballet, and my one regret is that I have not been able to explain this quality of originality with greater precision.

The music by Jean Guillaume had a wispy, atmospheric consistency that largely passed over my head while I was struggling with the complexities of the choreography. I received the impression that it was not very distinguished, but in this I may be grossly unfair. Certainly, in the first place, it was not as interesting as Messiaen, and in the second it was pretty atrociously played by an under-rehearsed orchestra, which even to half an ear, and a subconscious one at that, was doing the music less than justice.

The lighting, production, decorations and costumes, all by Mendel himself, were most effective. Oriental trappings, lots of light, and uncluttered drapes and backcloth gave the work an air of gentle dignity.

I presume that the ballet was closely and even collaboratively based upon its original dancers, Françoise and Dominique, and it is all the more to the credit of Beryl Goldwyn and Norman Dixon that one felt no sense of seeing the work at second-hand. Goldwyn, fresh, lovely and radiant, made a touching figure as the Bride, and found a perfect match in the assertive tenderness of Dixon's Husband. **C. B.**

BACKGROUND FOR TWO BROTHERS: Ralph Koltai's design for the setting of Norman Morrice's Two Brothers.

Two Brothers

First given in London by the Ballet Rambert at Sadler's Wells Theatre, on September 15, 1958. Choreography by Norman Morrice. Music by Dohnányi. Décor and costumes by Ralph Koltai.

Cast

The Girl ..... GILLIAN MARTLEW
Young Man ..... JOHN CHESWORTH
His Brother ..... NORMAN MORRICE
Their Friends

GO and see a new play and the chances are it will be about us, or at least some cardboard representation of us which in dress, habits and environment bears some relationship, however scanty, to life as we live and know it. Ballet rarely ventures into the realm of common-place or even heightened reality. Tom, Dick and Harry are here far less usual figures than Siegfried and Albrecht. There are reasons for this. Technically the conventions of ballet are less acceptable in a contemporary setting than anywhere else, the more so because we have no generally accepted national dance tradition that might make the spectacle of labourers spinning, mill-girls on tip-toe and bank cashiers twiddling their feet, less incongruous.

Then there are the other reasons, apart from those associated with the difficulty of the idiom. Ballet audiences all too frequently go to ballet to escape from reality. Even though this is an objection easily exaggerated — such an escape can always come from realistic entertainment as modern drama and films show — there is another and far more difficult obstacle to be overcome before ballet can delve into social document. People in the ballet world tend to live a life somewhat remote from the existence outside, and this remoteness cannot but be reflected in their work.

YOUNG LOVE: John Chesworth, as the Young Man, with the Girl, Gillian Martlew, who eventually falls for his brother and provokes a tragedy. *Photo: David Sim*

WRONG MAN, SAME FAMILY: The love passage between the Girl (Martlew) and the brother of her intended (Norman Morrice). Photo: G. B. L. Wilson.

In fact this matters considerably less than might be thought. As Ulanova once persuasively argued, a contemporary ballet does not need to have a contemporary setting so long as it has a contemporary significance. Ballets such as Jerome Robbins' *The Guests,* or Lavrovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* possess far more immediacy than Helpmann's *Miracle in the Gorbals,* even though the latter is in contemporary fancy-dress and runs a natty line in razor fights. And no one could accuse a work like *Les Patineurs* of singing a song of social significance, yet it is none the worse for that.

Nevertheless a ballet on a contemporary subject does offer a peculiar and worthwhile challenge, and it is most interesting to see this particular gage picked up by a young man making his first ballet. Moreover, Norman Morrice has used a theme of quite striking originality that could very well have served for a film scenario or even a novel.

Two Brothers is set in the back-streets of a modern town. A young man and a girl are in love with adolescent fervour. The man's younger brother, a gauche social misfit, makes a pass at the girl, half in jest, half in earnest. The two brothers fight. The older boy knocks down both his kid brother and the girl, who has tried unsuccessfully to separate them. The boy runs after his elder brother and kills him. When the body is brought in, the girl is grief-stricken. But then she feels first compassion and later love for the mixed-up kid who has done the killing. The two have a moment of rapture before the boy is taken away to justice.

The entire strength of the ballet rests in its clear delineation of the three central characters. Morrice has envisaged them in the round, very much in the manner of Tudor. The quite complicated story is clearly told without the aid of any programme notes, and the shifting emotions of his characters — packed with all the irrationality of flesh-and-blood — is well conveyed. The oddly awkward character of the young boy, a rebel without a cause yet with electrically-charged emotional potentiality, is vividly visualised, as are the withdrawn yet passionate girl and the bluff bullying elder brother. All these characters have in them the contradiction of humanity; none of them is seen in simple terms of good and evil, black or white. In each instance Morrice has devised appropriately descriptive choreography; angular and loping for the boy, heavy and powerful for the elder brother, innocent and anguished for the girl between.

Despite its general aptness there are a few ways, even with the principals, in which Morrice shows his inexperience. Tudor would certainly have used point work for the girl, especially in the moment of crisis, although equally certainly Fokine would not. Personally I feel that Morrice would have gained from the use of points, even though he would have encountered critical opposition. He also occasionally fell into the trap of using movement-clichés, and certain passages — such as the heavily-weighted strut of the elder brother when angry — although well-intentioned failed to ring altogether true.

Once outside his triangle of principals, his choreographic handling and production were a great deal less secure. The shadowy *corps de ballet* group of "friends" was not really well-defined in function — at one point they were merely background figures yet at another they appeared to have the symbolic rôle of "society" thrust upon them — and the dancing allotted to them was of only meagre interest.

The ballet's relationship to its music sets a puzzle. On the face of it little could be less suited to this passionate love triangle than the Dohnányi Quartet Morrice has pressed into service. Its slight nationalist colouring was unfortunate, and there was a glaring discrepancy between its gentle romanticism and some of the realistic incident, like the beating-up scene, which the ballet piles upon it. The work called out tormentedly for a firm modern score that could match its mixture of subtlety and melodrama. Yet it must be admitted in the second place that while it should never have been chosen in the first place, it has been used with a quite uncommon cleverness. Musically Morrice has not put a foot wrong, even though he was walking along the wrong tight-rope.

Ralph Koltai's décor and costumes were effective but a shade too slick for my personal liking. In shape, detail and general look this realistic backyard was more operatic in conception than balletic. Furthermore its warm colours and hygienic cleanliness gave the *locale* an air of glamourised half-truth.

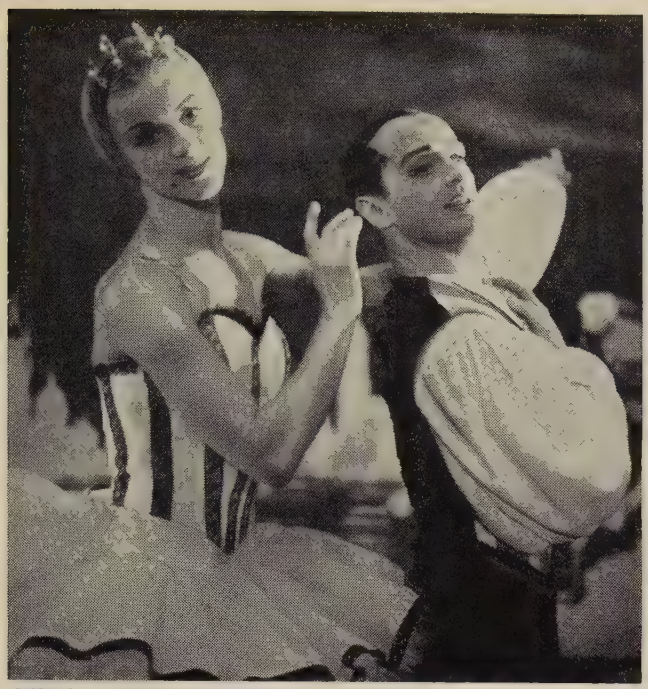
All the three principal characters were strikingly well portrayed. Gillian Martlew — who in this seems to have at last realised her full possibilities as an actress — gave a superbly telling performance, and made credible the character's unlikely mixture of emotions. Both John Chesworth and Norman Morrice himself also had to produce characterisations considerably more involved than those customarily found in ballet, and both succeeded in a remarkable way.

The importance of *Two Brothers* is perhaps to be found not so much in its intrinsic qualities as in what it promises. It would, for example, be a pretty good third ballet or even seventh ballet, but for a first work it is quite exceptional, possibly the most exciting since MacMillan's *Somnambulism* crossed our paths some five years ago. Perhaps even more interesting is that for the first time in nearly twenty years Marie Rambert has found a choreographer of unmistakable talent and the effect of this discovery upon her company's future could be incalculable. **C. B.**

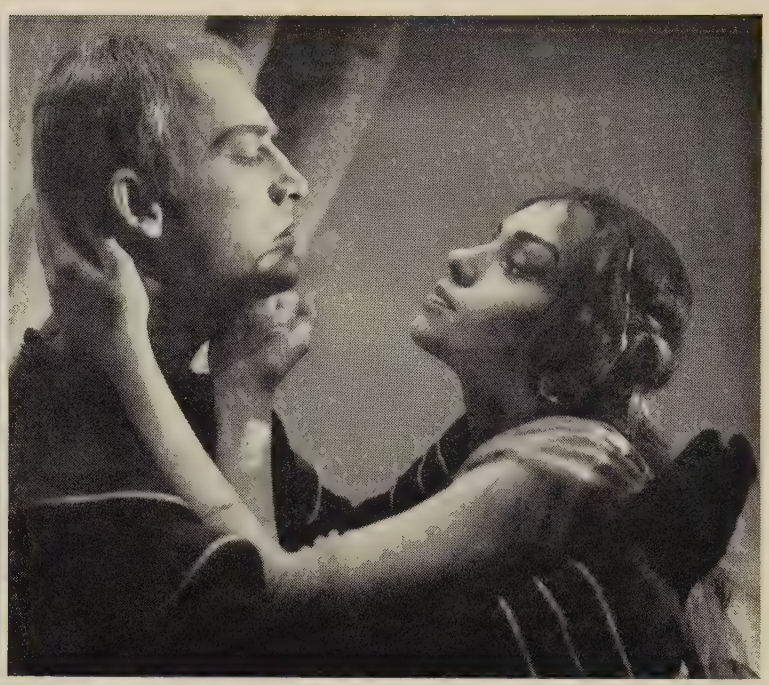
The rest of the Rambert season

For full reviews of the other ballets given by Ballet Rambert during their recent London season at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, in many ways one of the most successful artistically the company has given for years, see pages 30 to 35 of this issue.

THE FIGHT: Norman Morrice becomes involved in a fight with his brother, John Chesworth, when the unhappy situation is revealed. Martlew, as the Girl over whom they are fighting, watches. Photo: G. B. L. Wilson



MIDSUMMER'S VIGIL: *Elsa Marianne von Rosen and Björn Holmgren in the latter's ballet to Hugo Alfven music.*



LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI: *Milorad Miskovitch and Yvonne Meyer in Andrée Howard's ballet based on the Keats poem.*

Second Six in Edinburgh

The last six creations for Edinburgh International Ballet at this year's Edinburgh Festival

Reviewed by NOËL GOODWIN

AT half-time in the Edinburgh Festival's series of "Ballets Premières", I expressed some disappointment at the often superficial level of choreographic invention in last month's review of the first half-dozen. Meatier things were forthcoming in the last six of the specially-commissioned ballets, however, which included contributions from Yugoslavia, France, Sweden and Germany as well as Britain. Two were remarkably stimulating in their different ways, and only one seemed to me hardly worthy of its place in the series.

Of course, an element of pot-luck was unavoidable in a tombola method of presentation. For the public it was a case of "you buys your ticket and you takes your chance", and chance in this case hooked out of the bran-tub some four-item programmes that were often too top-heavy in balance of style and content to be fully effective. Three slow and sombre ballets in succession, for instance, was not a digestible diet, even with a frivolous *soufflé* to top them off.

To some extent the often haphazard grouping could not be avoided, since it depended on the availability of guest dancers and the degrees of preparation involved. Yet several times this threatened to endanger the success of the scheme in its infancy, by exacerbating the audience's patience and in preventing an individual ballet from standing out in relief against its neighbours. Now that the Edinburgh International Ballet has reached London, however, I am glad to see that the batting order has been changed with an eye to more rewarding contrast.

In the second half of the innings as played at Edinburgh, the range of ideas and scope of choreographic imagination was a good deal wider than previously. Although none surpassed Walters Gore's *The Night and Silence,* which I am tempted to rate as the finest single ballet of the lot, the later selection did, for the most part, show choreographers coming to grips with adult conceptions instead of indulging in fanciful pleasantries of little moment. There was even a solitary breakaway from classical ballet vocabulary into modern dance. As before, each change of programme introduced two novelties in combination with two ballets held over from the previous group.

THIRD PROGRAMME

1 September 1958

DREAMS. *Choreography: Dimitri Parlic Music: Dusan Radic (special score). Designer: D. Ristic.*

MIDSUMMER'S VIGIL. *Choreography: Björn Holmgren. Music: Hugo Alfven, arranged Mackerras (Swedish Rhapsody No. 1, "Midsommarvaka"). Designer: Allan Fridericia.*

JUST as every Academy exhibition has its "problem picture", so Dimitri Parlic's *Dreams* more than qualified for this distinction in the ballet display. Parlic, who is ballet-master at the Belgrade Opera, admitted only that his work was intentionally symbolic. He refused any detailed scenario for what was obviously a narrative ballet, hiding behind the skirts of Ionesco in suggesting that, as with the dramatist's plays, each individual must find his own truth in what is presented.

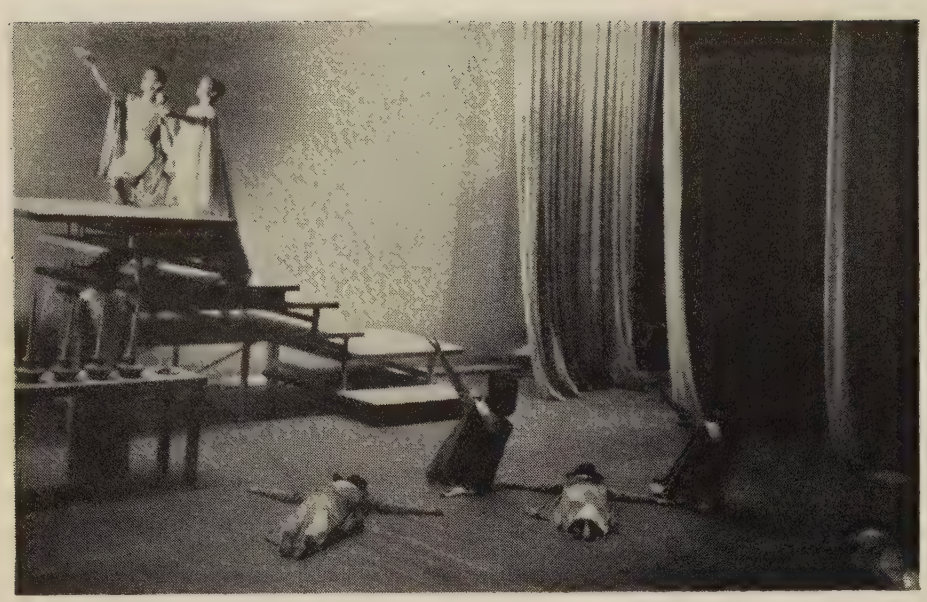
It is a fair challenge, but at least Ionesco is sure of what he is trying to convey, whereas I am quite certain that Parlic had only the sketchiest notion of his own intentions. He began with the inevitable dance studio in ordered disarray, wherein the dancers were manipulated into a somnambulistic nightmare in three parts: *L'eternel deux, Oublié* and *Chacun à son remords.*

The first was a plaintively romantic *pas de deux* from Claudie Algeranova and Ronald Reay. Six more dancers (the men having donned top hats and white dickies over bare chests and tights) followed it with a short routine in vaguely musical comedy style. For the third and longest part the chief "character" was a piece of stylised sculpture like a totem-pole, worshipped, knocked down, carried off and mourned in turn, to be replaced by a girl (live) who eventually winds up in a shroud before the dancers are released from their nightmare for a brisk coda in the studio setting.

Parlic went so far as to indicate that his symbolism signified man's perpetual desire for a figurehead (the totem-pole), his urge to destroy it and his sense of loss that follows. What relevance the other episodes were supposed to have in this context remained obstinately obscure, nor did the work as a whole achieve coherent shape or significance. How could it, when the choreographic scheme was obviously and painfully incomplete in the choreographer's mind? A good deal of the dancing was, I happen to know, improvised on the spot by the dancers themselves. The blunt truth is that Parlic had the germ of a possibly fruitful idea for a ballet and was beaten by the clock in licking it into shape.

I do not wish to labour the criticism of a ballet still in chrysalis, except to hope that it will have emerged a bit by the time it reaches Sadler's Wells. I did think, though, that the exchange of the proposed Webern score for Radic's astringent web of spidery polyphony was to be regretted, and that D. Ristic's rusty idea of a rehearsal studio as a frame for the nightmare did nothing to lend conviction.

Björn Holmgren's *Midsummer's Vigil* fortunately lasted only 13 minutes, and need detain you considerably less. To the strains



THE SEVENTH SACRAMENT: *The French dancers, Françoise and Dominique, are seen in Deryk Mendel's ballet in this and the picture below.*

of that maddening jingle which Tin Pan Alley and unlimited Palm Courts poached from Hugo Alfven's *Swedish Rhapsody No. 1* a few years ago, cute little boys and girls came out to play on midsummer's eve. They pranced and pirouetted like puppets in a tasteless pastiche of peasant-style dances laced with classical *enchainements,* against a garish panorama of Stockholm in the background. Any shot of the scene would have made a perfect cover for the cheaper sort of chocolate box.

Elsa Marianne von Rosen and Holmgren sped night on its way with an unbearably coy *pas de deux,* and a further ensemble of saccharine sentimentality welcomed in Midsummer Day. Hooray, hooray (you could almost hear them singing it). Holmgren, *premier danseur* of the Swedish Royal Ballet, will have to retrace his steps if, as was suggested, he is out to achieve a fusion of folklore with contemporary art. If ever a ballet deserved to be dropped into the Kattegat with a brick round its neck, this was it — but, as you may have guessed, it was the most madly applauded of any.

FOURTH PROGRAMME

4 September 1958

THE SEVENTH SACRAMENT. *Choreographic Cantata by Deryk Mendel. Music: Guy Morançon (special score). Designer: Monica Koenig.*

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI. *Choreography and Designs: Andrée Howard. Music: Alexander Goehr, based on Claude Le Jeune (1528-1600).*

WHETHER Deryk Mendel, recently appointed ballet-master at Bordeaux, is obsessed with the implications of the "sacred bond of wedlock" I do not know. Maybe it was only coincidence that his wedding ballet *Epithalame* was staged in London by Ballet Rambert at almost the same time as Edinburgh saw *The Seventh Sacrament,* likewise a hymn to marriage as a spiritual and physical union. Not having been in both places, I cannot compare them, but with *The Seventh Sacrament* I was at first irked and later very deeply impressed.

Its style alone commands attention, being the only work in the series created as a "modern" dance, in this case using a technique derived from Jooss and Martha Graham. It enacts a mystical ritual wedding with stately dignity and sensitive feeling. Seven Acolytes, in flowing robes and broad-brimmed hats ("like Quaker health visitors", someone irreverently remarked), perform the ceremony — a curious mixture derived from elements of Catholicism, the Hindu, Hebrew and Greek Orthodox religions. Stravinskyish music spiced with Oriental touches accompanies it, and a solo soprano in the orchestra pit sings Latin invocations.

It was the tediously slow start to the work that I found so irksome, entirely devoted to processional variations by the Acolytes while the bridal pair sat immobile on opposite sides of the stage. Eight minutes passed before the bridegroom (naked except for a pair of white breeches) moved a muscle, and 14 minutes before the bride stirred. At a later performance some of this processional humbug was cut, with advantage, and I understand that it was further planned to shorten the ballet by up to 15 minutes in its 35½ minutes' length.

Apart from this, I found much to admire in the sparse and austere beauty of movement devised by Mendel for the French dance-duo Françoise and Dominique, as the bride and groom, in the raptness of their dedication of love and the simplicity and eloquence of their betrothal. I thought the dancers' technique was occasionally suspect, but the Empire Theatre's notorious raked stage is not exactly helpful to sustaining slow turns and prolonged *attitudes.*

Mendel and his designer tended to overdo the symbolism of the number seven. As well as the seven Acolytes (why female?) the altar bore seven candles and, after receiving bread and wine (a loaf and a goblet) at the climax of the ritual, the bridal pair, draped in gold-lined white cloaks, ascended a seven-tiered platform by way of apotheosis. I think the soprano (Patricia Bartlett) sang seven prayers too, but knowing Morançon to be a pupil of the eccentric Olivier Messiaen symbolical significance in the music scarcely bears looking into. Nevertheless, I felt it to be a ballet of considerable stature.

A certain aristocracy of imagination also distinguished Andrée Howard's *La Belle Dame Sans Merci,* a romantic medieval tragedy after the poem by Keats. A chivalrous knight in armour consoles a weeping beauty, only to find himself ensnared and then discarded, alone for ever, despite the warnings in a dream from the ghosts of his ill-fated predecessors.

It was finely danced, with strong and virile solos from Milorad Miskovitch as the knight, and a voluptuously seductive Belle Dame in Yvonne Meyer. Their amorous *pas de deux* was positively torrid (although Miskovitch's partnering left something to be desired), yet the ultimate thrill was lacking. I missed the emotional and dramatic impact that ought to be forthcoming. It was too much a world of half-lights and shadows, underlined by the misty grey monotone of décor. Certainly the dim lighting was poorly handled, and the modal music, while it evoked something of the mood of medieval romance, proved repetitive and ill-suited to dancing. The ballet just missed being good by a sword's-breadth.

FIFTH PROGRAMME

8 September 1958

CHANGEMENT DE PIEDS. *Choreography and Designs: Alan Carter. Music: Frank Martin (Concerto for Harpischord and Small Orchestra).*

THE GREAT PEACOCK. *Choreography: Peter Wright. Music: Humphrey Searle (revised version of "Variations for Wind and Strings", 1957). Designer: Yolande Sonnabend.*

ALAN CARTER, from the Munich opera, brought his principal dancers Margot Werner and Heino Hallhuber to decorate the piece of sentimental backstage comedy he named after the text-book term, *Changement de Pieds.* I ventured, in view of its story to translate it as "Change Places". It is a trite little tale of an out-of-work vaudeville performer who re-visits his old dressing-room and finds it occupied by a luscious young dancer. After the expected slapstick, misunderstandings and mimed reminiscences, the girl gives the man her theatre costume and sends him on-stage in her place, practically audibly sob-

THE GREAT PEACOCK : *Claudie Algeranova and David Poole in a* pas de deux *from Peter Wright's ballet to Humphrey Searle music.*

CHANGEMENT DE PIEDS : *Margot Werner, from Munich, in Alan Carter's ballet to Frank Martin music.*

bing "You're-a-greater-trouper-than-I-can-ever-hope-to-be" as she does so.

It was not so much the banality of its theme that let this ballet down as the fact that it quite failed to exploit whatever talents the dancers had, except Hallhuber's evident gift for mime. I was not surprised that Werner, visibly a tough-egg dancer, looked likely to throw a Callas-sized temperament at any moment. Obvious gags were relied on for laughs — the girl bathing behind a screen with the man in coy confusion, and so on. Moreover, Carter set it in a crudely designed décor, chiefly in a horrid shade of sea-green, and matched the ballet to totally unsuitable music. This may sound a formidable indictment, but I found the work a formidable disappointment from a choreographer whose work at Munich has been greatly respected and admired. One gleam of joy shone out in Prudence Rodney's delightful little vignette of a bewildered theatre dresser.

But the series still had a sting in its tail, and a lepidopteric one at that. Twelfth man Peter Wright, youngest of the choreographers, not only put some of his seniors to shame but gave evidence in *The Great Peacock* that he is developing a talent to be reckoned with. The title is that of a species of moth, and Wright obligingly provided for the programme an extract from the naturalist Fabre's learned treatise to put us wise to his idea. From this we learned that the Great Peacock exists for only two or three nights solely in order to mate, "an incomparable ascetic, completely freed from the servitude of the stomach" (how wonderful!), and able to seek out its partner in spite of distance and tremendous obstacles.

Wright's ballet narrates the hectic life-cycle of the Great Peacock with vivid drama and expressive poignancy. The male is born from its chrysalis and sets out on its frantic search. The female appears, and presently the male, battering its wings on the back-drop from behind, senses her and bursts through, Petrushka-fashion, in an agony of exhaustion, only to meet three rivals. They are overcome in pitched battle, the mating is consummated and, as the female is borne aloft by her (human) Wings, the male drops back dead. Claudie Algeranova and David Poole, supported by the *corps de ballet* as attendant Moths, Wings and Leaves, danced the tragedy most eloquently, but more could still be made of it.

It cannot escape comparison with Taras' *Piège de Lumière,* but although much of Wright's choreography is rough-edged and immature, it has a positive coherent style and a strong impact. Wright has leaped a long way from *A Blue Rose,* the rather ineffectual work he created for the Royal Ballet No. 2 last December. There is undoubtedly the promise of a strong future talent here, and I admired very much the masterly manner in which Wright harnessed Searle's pointed, gripping music (a score in serial technique) so that the drama was heightened by a sympathetic partnership of music and movement. The weakest element in the work was Sonnabend's messy décor and costumes, quite lacking in any trace of style. Otherwise, the ballet ended the uneven but remarkable series with a welcome bang.

IT may be of interest to note that Birgit Cullberg's *Circle of Love,* due to be repeated at the last three performances, was dropped and replaced by three extra performances of Gore's *The Night and Silence.* Paula Hinton obtained special leave from Frankfurt to dance them, with David Poole.

In spite of artistic unevenness among the new creations and some flaws of presentation I felt that the enterprise as a whole certainly justified itself. Peggy van Praagh and her company coped nobly with the notorious deficiencies of the Empire Theatre (among other things it was often a different lighting crew from one night to the next !), and 12 new ballets *were* produced from scratch in unprecedented quick succession. A large share of the credit must go to Charles Mackerras, the Musical Director and conductor, and his assistant, Maurits Sillem, and to the response of a well-trained orchestra.

Where does the company go from here ? It has been announced that it plans to continue, and hopes to repeat a similar sort of season at next year's Festival. After its initial tours it will have to take stock of its repertoire. Three of the ballets would bring distinction to any company : *The Night and Silence* (Gore), *The Seventh Sacrament* (Mendel) and *The Great Peacock* (Wright). Five more, after some alteration and polishing, are worth retaining for the time being : *Octet* (Taras), *La Belle Dame Sans Merci* (Howard), *Les Facheuses Rencontres* (Skibine), *Dreams* (Parlic) and *Secrets* (Cranko). The rest could profitably be dropped. In fact it might be best to pick six for a working nucleus, and try to produce six more new ones by next year. The series has been weakest in plotless ballets and almost as much so in comedy. Both kinds are more difficult to bring off successfully than the narrative tragedy, but some attempt must be made to represent them. Experiments in modern dance ought to find a place also, and I should like to see a good deal more imagination from designers. The venture can assume great importance as a springboard for choreographic development.

LONDON SEASON CANCELLED

Four days before the London season of Edinburgh International Ballet was due to open at Sadler's Wells Theatre it was cancelled. The reasons given were that public support had been insufficient and that advance booking had been no more than 4% of the theatre's total capacity. As we go to press there is a possibility of a few performances by members of the company but without guest stars. Watch the daily newspapers for announcements.

BALLERINAS GALORE: After the first night of the season of his International Ballet season in London, the Marquis de Cuevas threw a party for the stars of his company and other celebrities at the Ritz Hotel. Ballerinas present were, from left to right, Maria Santestevan, Irina Baronova, Yvette Chauviré, Nina Vyroubova, Rosella Hightower, Alicia Markova, Daphne Dale, Svetlana Beriosova, Carla Fracci, Taina Elg, Jacqueline Moreau, Genia Melikova. *Photo: Van Hallan*

curtain up!

Lifar in the Limelight

IF ever there is limelight and Serge Lifar happens to be around, he gets right into it whether the light is intended for him or somebody else. On the opening night of the Marquis de Cuevas ballet at the London Coliseum, not only did Lifar take a call after his own ballet, *Noir et Blanc,* but also got himself on stage to take a bow in Massine's *Gaîeté Parisienne* later on in the evening. Later still in the evening he got himself more limelight by making a speech at the delightful dinner party given by the Marquis at the Ritz. Up to that moment the party had a refreshing informality and all the famous ballerinas and celebrities were enjoying their dinner and just talking to each other, when up gets Lifar and makes every ballerina take a call. If he had remembered *every* ballerina it would have been all right but unfortunately he forgot quite a number and everybody became embarrassed. He capped this exhibition by embracing Massine who, by this time looked as though he had had enough.

Not content with these appearances before the London public, he was over from Paris again, a few days later, to take a call after the first performance of his *L'Amour et son Destin,* but this time he was none too well received. After his return to Paris he resigned yet again from his position at the Paris Opéra because he did not seem too keen on the present direction and some of the dancers. Well, I suppose there is something to be admired about an artist who can still command attention even though he no longer performs upon the stage.

Star spangled afternoon

THERE is something rather cosy and other world about a Gala Matinee; it seems to breath an air of past opulence and leisure. But the one, organised by Dame Margot Fonteyn and directed by Dame Ninette de Valois and Anton Dolin, in aid of the Royal Academy of Dancing at the Coliseum on November 13 must surely put all other galas to shame. These stars are scheduled to appear upon the stage — Antonio, Markova, Fonteyn and Somes (possibly in an excerpt from *Ondine),* Chauviré and Algaroff (in the *Pas Classique* to Auber music), Simone and Kronstam (in an excerpt from *La Sylphide),* Mona Inglesby (in the *Rose Adagio),* Gilpin and members of Festival Ballet (in the Paddy Stone ballet), and artists from the Royal Ballet, Ballet Rambert and London's Festival Ballet and Royal Academy of Dancing. And if that isn't enough for you, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret will be in the audience. The RAD, which enjoys no State financial support and has to rely on subscriptions and donations to keep going, ought to benefit considerably from this quite remarkable stellar array.

Torchlight direction

FIRST reports from Sydney do not show that the Royal Ballet's touring company met with an unqualified success from the critics when they opened with *Le Lac des Cygnes.* This was prophesied in *Dance and Dancers* (September issue) and in the long run it can do nothing but good since I know that the young company — and their directors —will meet criticism by trying to ensure that it is not justified in future.

I was a little disquieted, however, by the B.B.C. story of how the dancers rehearsed during a blackout caused by an electricians' strike on the day of their first performance. Assistant Director, John Field, said this account, was using a torch on his feet in order to demonstrate the steps. Was it really necessary for the dancers to be learning the steps at *that* late stage? If so, I'm not surprised at any criticism.

The public responds to Ondine

NOT since the days of the Bolshoi visit to Covent Garden have the queues been so lengthy and the booking so heavy as it has been for all the performances of Ashton's new ballet *Ondine* during the forthcoming season. No new ballet has caused such lively interest for years.

Advance accounts of a new work can often be misleading but all that I have heard makes me very hopeful for its success. For the first time the dancers have been rehearsing to a tape-recording of the full score instead of the usual piano transcription. This is a great help particularly with a modern score such as Henze's. The dancers tell me that they found the score difficult at first but soon grew to like it. As for the décor, the Italian designer Lila di Nobili should have no cause for complaint about the way her designs have been executed since she has done much of this herself, painting the big gauzes in sections.

Many people may not realise that the famous 19th-century *Ondine,* like so many of that century's celebrated works, had its first performance in London — at Her Majesty's Theatre. The music was by Cesare Pugni; the choreography and scenario by Jules Perrot and Fanny Cerrito, who also danced the two leading rôles. That was in 1843 and eight years later Perrot produced the ballet in St. Petersburg with Carlotta Grisi in the title part. Many of the dances and production effects became famous and, to judge by contemporary accounts some of them would startle even today's audience by their unusual and convincing use of stage machinery. I hope that Ashton's work will have a similar success.

The silent art!

A WELL-KEPT secret was broken by Marie Rambert on the first night of her company's recent London season. In her usual curtain speech she revealed that her production of *Laiderette* was a gift from the choreographer, Kenneth MacMillan. This is by no means the first present of the kind which she has received. *Plaisance,* for instance, was given by the choreographer Walter Gore and designer Harry Cordwell to mark the company's 21st birthday in 1947.

Another curtain speech by Rambert, this time on the last night of the season, was less happy. She mentioned so many of the dancers by name that it began to sound like an end-of-term report. In the circumstances, it was a little odd to omit reference to her "head boy," Norman Dixon, who carried the main weight of the repertory and had done so in a way that was more than creditable.

Even more odd were the speeches from the stage of Festival Hall after Festival Ballet's annual birthday gala. If we took them literally we should be forced to believe that Anton Dolin was a Pole and that

Gracie Fields was his mother and also a celebrated performer of *Giselle*.

British territory again

THE recent season of De Cuevas International Ballet and the present Antonio season have made it abundantly clear that the London Coliseum is an ideal theatre for the dance. Sir Oswald Stoll intended this when he built it and most of the world's greatest dancers have been grateful for the remarkable intimacy that is possible in a theatre with such a vast capacity. The stage is perfectly proportioned for ballet and the audience gets a wonderful view of it from almost every part of the house. For the past twelve years it has been the home of American musicals and, like Drury Lane and Grosvenor Square, it was almost considered to be United States property.

Now the famous theatre in St. Martin's Lane is to become British again but, alas, only in a minor way connected with ballet. Under the new Sadler's Wells plan, recently approved by the Arts Council, the Sadler's Wells Opera is to use the Coliseum as a London home for operetta. The first work to be given there, when the plan comes into effect in April, will be *Die Fledermaus*. The ballet will be provided by a small group. But as it is already known that pantomime will return to the Coliseum during the Christmas season there seems to be a loophole which might possibly give way, occasionally, to seasons of ballet. London badly needs a theatre of this size to house large ballet companies when they care to visit us and it would be sad if such an historic house, from a dance point of view, was lost to ballet for ever.

Massine writes it down

WHEN Leonide Massine was in London recently to dance the Peruvian rôle in his *Gaîeté Parisienne* with the de Cuevas company, I found him far more interested in his book than in his stage appearances. As most people know by now, it is to be a textbook of choreography and should be finished in about two years' time. It should be fascinating from one who has made such a great contribution to the art of choreography but the only trouble, as I see it, is that it may only be intelligible to a few highly skilled professionals.

Massine told me that his son will soon be starting a dancing career — already he has demonstrated the Red Indian dances in that remarkable lecture on the subject which has been seen and heard in many parts of Europe. When I asked if the boy would be a classical or a character dancer, Massine replied with a smile that there were only three rôles for the male classical dancer. This leads me to think that the chapter, if any, on classical ballet in his textbook should be interesting — even if brief !

Coward in new field

DURING the last weeks of Festival Ballet's season at Festival Hall, many people were surprised to see Noël Coward continually in little huddles with Julian Braunsweg and Anton Dolin. Coward's frequent appearances as a member of the audience also caused raised eyebrows. Surely he couldn't be going to do a ballet, could he ? He could, and he is.

Actually this is not surprising from one who has broken into almost every side of the entertainment world in his time — comedies, tragedies, revues, operettas, patriotic spectacles, films and one-man cabaret appearances. He has created these things and appeared in them himself. In fact grand opera and ballet are about the only things he has neglected. Whether he will dance in his *London Morning*, which Festival Ballet will give at their next Festival Hall summer season, has not yet been announced — but he is now busy writing the music for this half-hour work. Rumour has it that the work concerns typical daily goings-on in front of a very famous London house.

Linden marries

WITHIN a few weeks of being made a ballerina of the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden, Anya Linden got married. On the morning of September 10 she married Igor Tamarin quietly and without telling any of the company. In fact the first that most of her colleagues knew about it was when they read it in the newspapers. Almost immediately she had to go to rehearsals and Mr. and Mrs. Tamarin will not be able to get around to having a honeymoon for some time. Igor Tamarin used to be a violinist in New York, and it was in that city that they first met, during the Royal Ballet's last American tour.

She appears on both sides

IN recent performances of *The Firebird* at Covent Garden, several people must have thought, when they saw the girl bringing gifts for the Tsarevna on a cushion, "Surely I know that face?" Well, if they often bought programmes in the opera house they probably did. The face belonged to Sarah Welby and was familiar because she has long helped to support herself by selling programmes while at the same time studying at the Royal Ballet School in the daytime. I hope that she will one day become as familiar a figure on the far side of the proscenium arch as she has been in the auditorium.

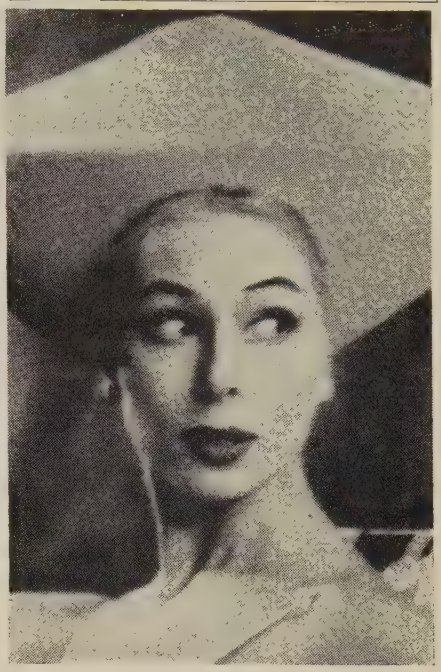
Confused Boleros

EVERYONE, I thought, knew that *Bolero* was a dance by Anton Dolin to Ravel music. Most people, I had also imagined, had heard that *Bolero 1830* was a solo for Markova to traditional Spanish music. Nobody, I feel, who had seen them both could possibly confuse them. Yet recently I happened to pass a well-known photographer as he was giving Dolin some pictures of Markova in *her* Bolero. Believe it or not, he asked, "Have you ever danced it together?" I wish I had been able to pause to hear Dolin's reply.

happy birthday to...

		November
Marilyn Burr	London's Festival Ballet	20
Ram Gopal		20
Don Gillies	Choreographer in Canada	20
Margrethe Schanne	Royal Danish Ballet	21
Susan Alexander	Royal Ballet II	23
Bryan Ashbridge	Royal Ballet I	25
Jocelyn Vollmar	San Francisco Ballet	25
Peter Wright	Royal Ballet Organisation	25
Patricia Cox	Royal Ballet II	26
Valerie Duke	London's Festival Ballet	27
Nicholas Magallanes	New York City Ballet	27
Philippe Perrottet	Sadler's Wells Opera Ballet	29
		December
Alicia Markova		1
Shirley Dixon	Ballet Rambert	1
Ady Addor	American Ballet Theatre	1
Philip Chatfield	Royal Ballet I	2
Harold Turner	Royal Ballet Organisation	2
Moyra Fraser		3
Lupe Serrano	American Ballet Theatre	7
Grant Strate	Canadian National Ballet	7
Paul Sutherland	American Ballet Theatre	8
Estelle Nova	London's Festival Ballet	9
Miro Zolan		10
Joan Blakeney	Royal Ballet II	11
Kenneth MacMillan	Royal Ballet Choreographer	11
Shirley Cash	Canadian National Ballet	13
Nicholas Polajenko	De Cuevas International Ballet	15
Annette Page	Royal Ballet I	18
Geoffrey Corbett	London's Festival Ballet	21
Beatriz Cardoso	De Cuevas International Ballet	23
Cecily Paige	Canadian National Ballet	23
Alan Carter	Choreographer in Munich	24
David Lichine		25
Noël Rossana		25

Dancer You Will Know



IN AGON *Photo : Roy Round*

DEIRDRE DIXON

BORN in 1934 in London. Started to dance at Margaret Clarke's School in Ealing in 1947. Joined the Royal Ballet School in 1949, and was taken into the Company at Covent Garden in the autumn of 1951.
Creations: Turquoise Girl in Agon. *Rôles: Moyna in* Giselle; *Fairy of the Golden Vine in* The Sleeping Beauty; Pas de Six, *Leading Swan and Spanish Dance in* Swan Lake; *Nursemaid in* Petrushka; *Red Girl in* Les Patineurs; *Nymph in* Daphnis and Chlöe; *"Negus" rôle in* Ballabile.

DEIRDRE DIXON has always stood out of the *corps de ballet* — with her striking good looks and blonde hair. Her first solo rôle was as the comic Umbrella-Girl in *Ballabile*, where she had the difficult task of following Anne Negus and Margaret Dale. Her sophisticated appearance and look of startled hauteur came to good use in this, yet her dancing was not sufficiently crisp to make a great impression.

In the *corps de ballet* she has shown, with her strong jumps, arched back and wholehearted enthusiasm, something of the approach of a Bolshoi dancer. Very often in the past this same enthusiasm has led to trouble, and certainly her miming in static rôles such as a villager in *Giselle* has frequently been embarrassingly overstressed. Too often she has reacted like an over-earnest professor giving a lecture on Stanislavsky.

Yet now she is emerging from the *corps* — she has recently been appointed a junior soloist — these disabilities should soon become virtues. She was strikingly successful in her first created rôle in *Agon*, where her blank-faced zaniness and clear-cut dancing struck just the right note.

She has been a little unlucky in not coming to the fore earlier, but she undoubtedly has considerable potential as a *demi-caractère* dancer which only needs the right opportunities.

STEPS OF THE DANCE 35

by

BARBARA VERNON and JOHN GREGORY

Illustrated by EILEAN PEARCEY

Centre Work : ALLEGRO contd.

PAS DE BASQUE : A lovely swerving movement that is too often corrupted today into what looks like a *glissade dessus* or *dessous*. There are several variations and different executions in different schools. I have seen teachers who demonstrated the *Pas de Basque* with the foot of the passing leg being picked up to knee height in passing through, but this is an exaggeration. Such a manner of execution is more suitable to Character or Folk dance from which of course the *Pas de Basque* originates.

In the Classical dance the *Pas de Basque* is pulled out, elongated and refined. See description of *Pas de basque en avant* Article 19 in which the full *Pas de basque* travelling from 5th position and closing in 5th position is elaborated. In this *Pas de basque* used in *Adage* and *Barre* in the Centre work the passing leg is brought smoothly through the 1st position *en plié*. In *Allegro* where the movement is quicker and the step is jumped I still advocate the same procedure, but some teachers prefer the passing leg to come through the *cou de pied*. Both ways are permissible, but to my way of thinking the former has more stability and neatness of form.

COUPE PAS DE BASQUE EN AVANT FROM 4th POSITION TO 4th POSITION : In *Allegro* this is the most frequently used form because it blends easily with many other *Allegro* steps. From 4th position *en croisé, plié* on front leg ; the back leg makes *coupé,* and the front leg is thrown in a a circular movement forwards and out to the side, travelling an inch or so from the floor. As the working leg reaches full stretch, the supporting leg pushes from the floor transferring the weight of the body to the working leg, which lands *en plié* as the other leg is brought in to pass through 1st position *en plié,* and travels forwards on to 4th position *en plié,* taking the weight of the body with it.

In commencing the forward arm is in 2nd position, the other arm in 4th position. With the movement of the legs the arm corresponding to the front leg opens from 2nd to 4th position; other arm is lowered from 4th position to 1st and opens to 2nd position.

This *Pas de Basque* may also commence from 5th position without the *coupé*.

PAS DE BASQUE EN ARRIERE FROM 4th POSITION TO 4th POSITION : The movement in reverse. From 4th position *en croisé, plié* on front leg. The back leg is thrown straight out to the side just off the floor; as it reaches full stretch the supporting leg pushes from the floor, transferring weight of body to the working leg which lands *en plié*. The other leg follows on to pass through the 1st position *en plié,* travelling on backwards to the 4th position *en croisé,* and taking the weight of the body. Forward arm is in 2nd position; other arm in the 4th position. With the movement of the legs, the arms change positions; arm corresponding to the back leg travels down to 1st position and forwards to 2nd position; other arm opens from 2nd position to 4th position.

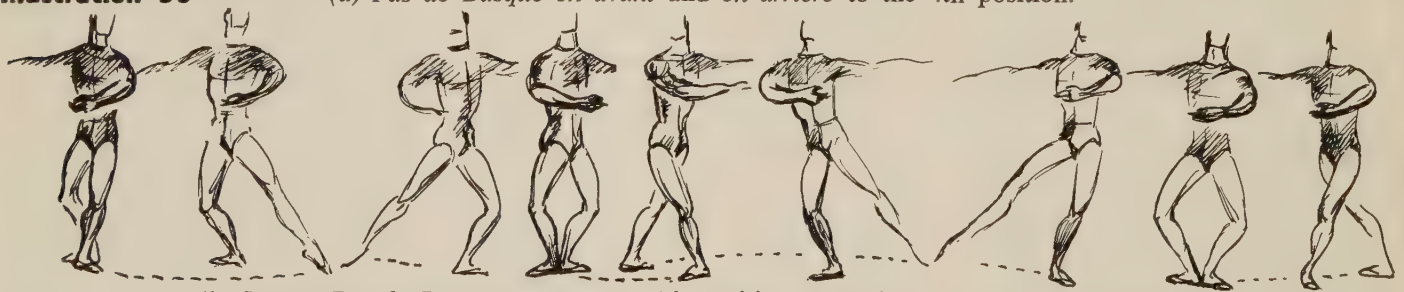
PAS DE BASQUE EN TOURNANT : Another beautiful movement seldom if ever seen except in the Russian school. It usually follows after a *Pas de basque en avant* or *en arrière.*

(1) From *Pas de Basque en avant* to 4th position *en croisé*; *coupé* under with back leg. With push from the floor the forward leg is thrown a few inches from the floor with a circular movement *en dedans* to full stretch. Simultaneously with this action the body turns towards the back leg making a three-quarter or full turn *en l'air,* and landing on the leg which was the forward leg; the *coupé* leg being picked up to *cou de pied.* With the landing the *cou de pied* leg is lowered through 5th position *en plié,* and slides out along the floor to 4th position *en croisé*; or to 4th position *en effacé,* according to whether a three-quarter or a full turn has been taken.

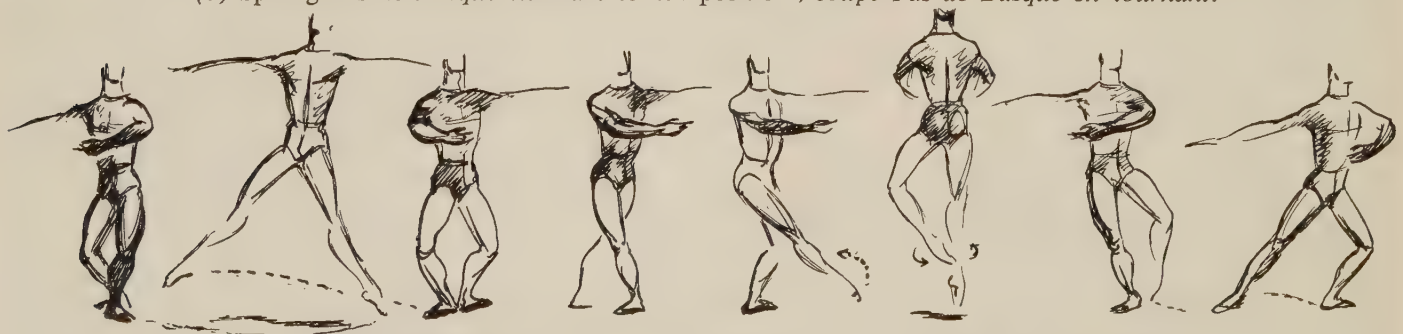
In the commencing position the front arm is in 2nd position, other arm in 4th position. With the turn, the body comes round to

continued on opposite page

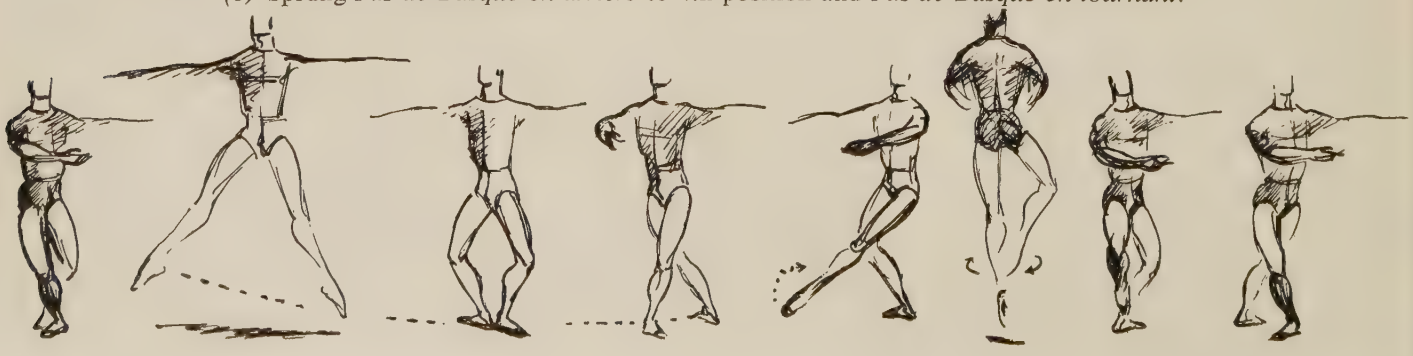
Illustration 53 *(a) Pas de Basque en avant* and *en arrière* to the 4th position.



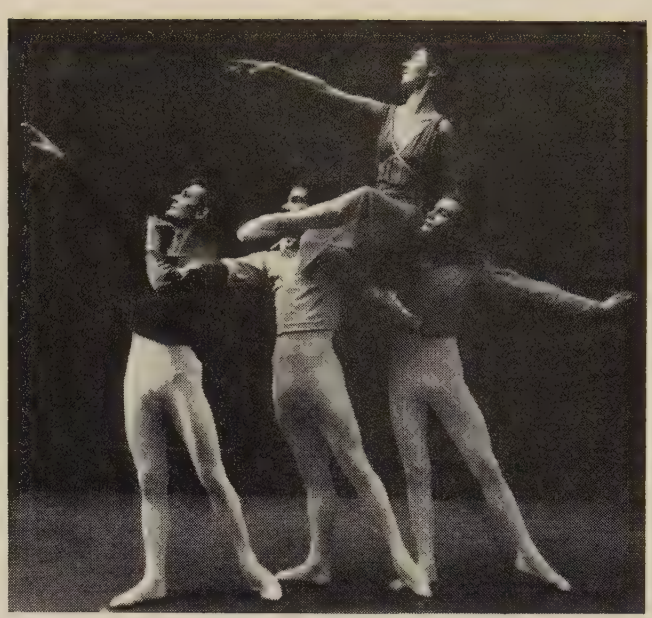
(b) Sprung *Pas de Basque en avant* to 4th position ; *coupé Pas de Basque en tournant.*



(c) Sprung *Pas de Basque en arrière* to 4th position and *Pas de Basque en tournant.*



THE CYCLE: *Brian Scott, as Man, with Ann Horn, as Woman, in Anna Paskevska's ballet. Suzanne Musitz, as Life, is seen on the left. Photos: Lawrence Josephs.*



SKETCHBOOK FOR DANCING: *Peter Brownlee, Barry McGrath and Alan Woodard bearing Deirdre O'Conaire in the number called "Quartet" from Terry Gilbert's ballet.*

Third Time Lucky?

The third programme of ballet given by Sunday Ballet Club at Wyndham's Theatre on September 14 produced a better balanced programme than the previous two, though there are still obvious short-comings in the whole approach to the presentation of these student works.

Reviewed by CLIVE BARNES

THEY always say third time lucky, and to an extent this proved true of the Sunday Ballet Club's third programme, which was given at the Wyndham's Theatre on September 14. The programme was better balanced than either of its predecessors, the ballets showed more variety, and with Clover Roope's *Le Farceur* the Club scored its first resounding tinkle of success. On the other hand, through a sad accumulation of misfortunes, the technical aspect of the production was less happy than in the past, and the continued lack of artistic direction, guidance or even discrimination once more made its presence felt like a similar spectre at the feast. At least one of the ballets should probably have been strangled at birth, and there were faults in two of the others that should certainly have been straightened out before the programme reached production.

While it is fair to say that the third programme made an advance, I think the organisers before presenting the next programme might seriously consider whether we greatly need *new* choreographers, whether its hit or miss methods represent a reasonable way of discovering them, and whether some definite artistic policy about ballet itself might not make the Club a more effective force.

THE BALLETS

SKETCHBOOK FOR DANCING. *Choreography: Terry Gilbert. Music: Various.*

THE CYCLE. *Choreography: Anna Paskevska. Music: Willem Pijper. Designer: Carole Burns.*

THE UNINVITED GUEST. *Choreography and Costumes: Ronald Yerrell. Music: Michael Hobson (special score).*

LE FARCEUR. *Choreography: Clover Roope. Music: Jacques Ibert. Designer: Dorrit Dekk.*

IN *Sketchbook for Dancing* Terry Gilbert appears to have had a really original idea for a ballet that got lost on its way to the theatre. Instead of submitting a full-scale ballet, his idea seemed to be to produce a number of brief choreographic sketches to various pieces of music, the whole mosaic being cemented together by a form of *musique concréte* of natural sounds like bells and trumpet fanfares.

Had this been fully worked out the results could have been unpretentiously exciting, and the ballet made a good start. Unfortunately it had hardly begun before Gilbert quite lost his thread, disregarded the idea of contrasting each musical excerpt with an appropriate sound effect, and in the event just produced a plotless *divertissement* of meagre worth.

The first *pas de trois*, "Spring," had considerable freshness and was brightly danced by Sheila Wright, Max Natiez and Richard Morris, and there were various other brief moments which showed Gilbert to be a choreographer not entirely without hope. Yet a commonplace ballroom scene, a ghastly Romeo-and-Juliet number called "Fresco" in which a distraught couple do a sexy *pas de deux* to the music of Josquin des Prés, and a hopelessly involved *finale* to Rachmaninoff's *Paganini Variations*, fell flatter than a soggy pancake.

The cast — including Mary Duchesne and Peter Brownlee — were all drawn from Festival Ballet, and the young Irish girl Deirdre O'Conaire, a recent recruit from Ana Roje's school in Split, made a memorable impression.

The idea behind Anna Paskevska's *The*

STEPS OF THE DANCE

continued from opposite page

face the 4th position arm, which automatically comes to 2nd position; other arm opening to 4th position.

(2) From *Pas de basque en arrière* to 4th position *en croisé*; transferring weight from front leg to back leg and with push from back leg, the front leg is thrown with a wide circular movement *en dedans* towards back leg (as previously described). The body turns a half-turn *en l'air* to land on the thrown leg, as the leg which was the back leg is picked up to *cou de pied*. With the landing the *cou de pied* leg is lowered through 5th position *en plié*, and slides out along the floor to 4th position *en croisé*.

The arm corresponding to the forward leg is in 4th position; other arm in 2nd position. With the movement of the legs the 4th position arm gathers with the impetus to 2nd position; as the body turns it automatically reverts to 4th position.

EXAMPLES OF ALLEGRO ENCHAINEMENTS INCORPORATING PAS DE BASQUE

*(1) *Pas de Basque en avant* to 4th position *en croisé*	And	1,
Sisol derriere	„	2,
Glissade derriere	„	3,
Assemblé dessus (over)	„	4.
Repeat same way *en diagonal.*		
(2) *Glissade derriere*	„	1,
Jeté derriere	„	2,
Coupé dessous	„	3,
Pas de Basque en avant	„	4,
Assemblé dessus	„	5.
Repeat on other side.		
(3) *Pas de Basque en avant* to 4th position *en croisé*	„	1,
Pas de Basque en arriere to 4th position *en croisé*	„	2,
Pas de Basque en tourant en dedans to 4th position *en croisé*	„	3,
Jeté derriere	„	4,
Assemblé dessus	„	5.
Repeat on other side.		

**Note.*—*Many* Allegro enchaînements *are reversible, and it is a very worthwhile exercise for brain and body, after having acquired the sequence one way, to work it out in reverse.*

THE UNINVITED GUEST : *The Host, Roy Carlton, with his Fiancée, Willow Stockdale, in Ronald Yerrell's ballet.*
Photo : Donovan.

Cycle was unfortunately far from original. The dear old life-force (Creator, Destroyer, etc.) and the relentless cycle of the generations has done turn in ballet many times before — and never with much success. The theme always sounds more theatrical than it is, but the quality of surprise is lacking and it becomes non-dramatic as a consequence.

In this instance the theme was not helped by Paskevska's very immature approach to choreography. The only rôle that was given any expressive notation was that of Life, who had a distinctive strut, but the human links in the life-cycle had nothing to distinguish them as they were all conceived in terms of unambitious classical dancing. Thus the theme only became apparent through incident — the birth of the Child, the jealousy between the generations, and the death of the Parents — and was unilluminated by character.

Although the dancing was moderately well tailored to meet the demands of Pijper's 3rd symphony, the choreography and music never went hand in hand. The crude abstract costumes by Carole Burns were bad in both colour and design, and added nothing to the ballet.

The cast did their best for the work. Suzanne Musitz made an enigmatic figure of Life, Ann Horn gave the Woman with intelligence and tenderness, and Ronald Emblen was an appropriately fractious Child. Yet it remained a poor work that should have been discouraged at the planning stage.

Ronald Yerrell's *The Uninvited Guest* got its discouragement at the Wyndham's stage. Things happened to that ballet that just shouldn't have happened to a dog. It had only just started when, through some electrical failure, half the house lights came on — and remained on for the rest of the evening. This was merely distracting, but far worse was to follow. The dramatic dramatic climax of the ballet was the disembowelling of a robot. The robot was torn apart by the cast, arms and legs being chucked everywhere. One leg, thrown with more enthusiasm than sense, landed in the auditorium. A theatre attendant, either stupid, officious or both, walked down the side-aisle, picked up the offending limb and contemptuously tossed it back on to the stage. This mishap — horrifyingly funny to see — reduced the whole proceedings to farce.

Even before this intrusion the melodrama had been surely teetering its way towards the brink of laughter, so this uninvited last straw was not perhaps so unjust as it might have been. Yerrell's ballet — his fourth — was based on the story by Jerome K. Jerome. Telling of the introduction of a robot that runs amok at a betrothal party and kills the host's fiancée, the ballet foundered partly on Michael Hobson's score. This, the first commissioned music to be used by the Club, was surely the dullest we have heard from Hobson, and the interpolation in the middle of it of a piece of *musique concréte* was badly handled.

Yet Yerrell himself was far from blameless. The ballet opened dangerously slowly, and the first part until the arrival of the robot was painfully uninteresting. Where an atmosphere of macabre tension should have been built up, tedium was allowed to set in. Interest sparked up with the robot's entry, but this was perilously near the ludicrous, and after the untoward incident of the unwanted leg the ballet was a dead duck.

Yerrell's own costumes were elaborate and attractive, and his performance as the robot — looking as though he came from outer space — was also commendable. The rest of the cast, all from *My Fair Lady*, were very professional, and full of extrovert showmanship. Willow Stockdale proved particularly captivating as the doomed Fiancée.

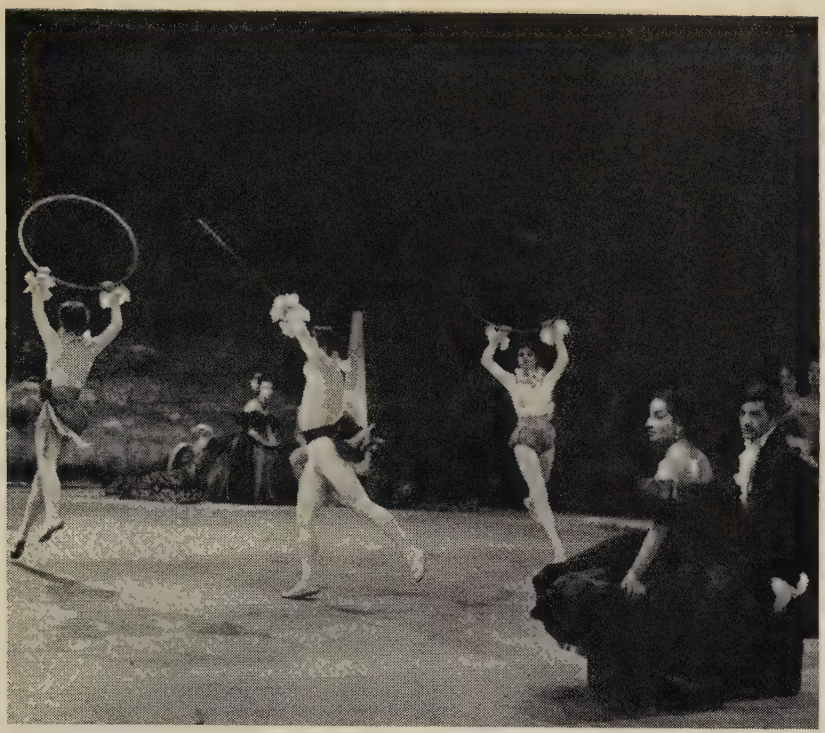
Without any question whatsoever Clover Roope's *Le Farceur* provided the hit of the evening. Modest and unassuming, it had all the merits that sound construction and an imaginative approach to choreography could bring. It was, in fact, everything an apprentice ballet should be but rarely is.

Four little French schoolgirls, stranded in Paris, are attracted by a boulevard character Albert Le Farceur, who steals two of their purses. The intervention of the gallant *gendarmerie* puts everything right and all ends as gaily as a can-can. The use of Jacques Ibert's marvellous music for *An Italian Straw Hat* proved a master-stroke, and the inexperienced Roope made far more and better play with it than did Ruth Page when she choreographed *Impromptu au Bois* for the Champs-Elysées company.

There were some brilliant cameo characterisations, and the choreography had genuine pace and momentum. Humour and invention never once flagged, and the final chase was a glorious comic touch. Of course, it was a simple, even superficial ballet, with its whole excellence being in its contrivance. The scenario, by Clive Barker and the choreographer herself, helped considerably, but within its own convention it was a small-scale but very definite success.

The simple setting and witty costumes by Dorrit Dekk assisted greatly in the ballet's triumph, and it was capitally danced by a young group from the Royal Ballet organisation. Patrick Hurd as Albert Le Farceur, wickedly spry and dashing, made the most of his opportunities to give a splendid Massine-like character sketch. Ann Howard and Robin Haig made two exquisitely woe-begone schoolgirls, and Clive Molloy jumped boldly enough as a *gendarme* to be promoted sergeant forthwith!

LE FARCEUR : *Albert Le Farceur, Patrick Hurd, expresses high spirits in Clover Roope's ballet. On the right he is seen with a schoolgirl, Ginette, played by Ann Howard.*
Photo : Donovan.



NIGHT SHADOW: *Scenes from Christian Simpson's television production of Balanchine's ballet. Above, left, Olga Makcheeva, Daniel Sellier and Milena Vukotric in the Acrobat's* divertissement. *Above, right, Daphne Dale, as the Coquette, with Golovine, as the Poet, in the* pas de deux. *Photos: B.B.C.*

TELEVISION

NIGHT SHADOW

The De Cuevas International Ballet on BBC Television on September 14. Choreography, Balanchine. Music, Rieti (after Bellini). Costumes, Delfau. Produced by Christian Simpson.

The Baron ..... DON SPOTTSWOOD
His Wife (The Sleepwalker) ... NINA VYROUBOVA
The Poet ..... SERGE GOLOVINE
The Coquette ..... DAPHNE DALE
and Full Company.

THIS production left three strong impressions — excellent camera direction for group scenes; weakness in the acting of the principals (except for Vyroubova); and the effective lighting.

But the strangest feature was that two easy theatrical *coups* were missed entirely. There was no build-up for the Sleepwalker's dramatic entrance — the lighted candle passing window after window inside the house before she appears — and her final departure carrying the dead body of the Poet could hardly be seen.

As far as close-ups revealed, Golovine was unable to convey much romantic feeling as the Poet, and I'm sure Daphne Dale can improve on her Coquette interpretation. She was disarmingly beautiful but devoid of allure. As the Baron, Don Spottswood's portrayal fell far below the standard set by Niels Bjorn Larsen in the Royal Danish version. Vyroubova alone was adequate in her rôle's acting demands.

The cameras were attentive and few would have disbelieved if they had been told that Christian Simpson had learned the choreography for the *corps de ballet*. With the guests swirling and sweeping through their formal dances the cameras changed angles cleverly to accentuate the changing patterns.

The décor was of the junk-yard school of garden seats, plaster urns, columns and ugly statues. Nevertheless, the ballet itself proved ideal for television and the whole production had far more atmosphere than is usual.

CHAZOT and RENE BON

The "Black Swan" pas de deux **given on Independent Television's** Chelsea At Nine **on September 23. Producer: Wendy Toye.**

IT was a daring but brilliant stroke to engage the notorious French satirist, Chazot, to appear in a star-studded programme with Maria Meneghini Callas and other celebrities.

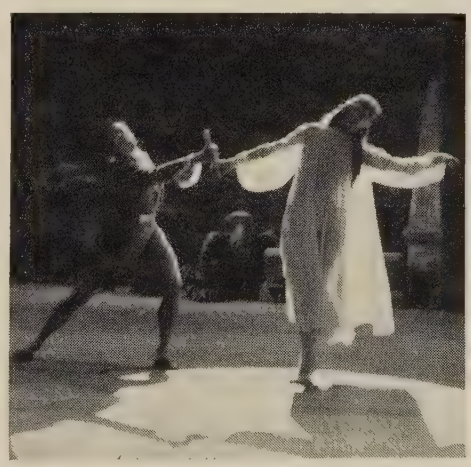
If Chazot turned up at a Royal Ballet audition she would probably be rejected for reasons of height. Nevertheless, she radiates glamour, her smile is as captivating as Fernandel's and her head-dress as dazzling as her teeth; her eyelashes are extravagant.

But a well-groomed appearance alone does not make a ballerina. And here one comes to an appraisal of her dancing. She has attack and an interesting sham-Russian style; she is strong *sur les pointes* and has learned a trick or two from Hightower regarding balance, but she tends to be a little stiff and her *arabesque* needs more height. She is also a trifle mannered and overdoes quick flicks of the head. On the other hand, her *fouettés* are good and on this occasion she executed 41 instead of the customary 32 because the orchestra was dawdling.

It was nice seeing René Bon in action again. He partnered Chazot most sympathetically — supporting her around the knees instead of the waist because he is as short as she is tall. It looked rather like Beryl Grey being partnered by Toulouse-Lautrec. His own *variation* was excellent: his *pirouettes* being particularly exciting. On the technical side, the camera direction was straightforward and refreshingly free from novel effects.

P.S. This appreciation of a ballerina may seem conventional enough; but, in this case, the ballerina turned out to be male, not female!

E. C. MASON.



SLEEP-WALKER AND THE POET: Serge Golovine and Nina Vyroubova in the beautiful and original pas de deux *from Balanchine's* Night Shadow *when the de Cuevas company gave it on television. Photos: B.B.C*

BALLET RAMBERT
at Sadler's Wells
The heights regained

IT was way back in about 1946, at a time when London was first becoming conscious of Yvette Chauviré and a number of eminent French dancers at the Cambridge Theatre, that we first became aware of the Rambert *Giselle*. Then it was Sally Gilmour in the title rôle and she had as her Albrecht the French dancer, Gerard Mulys, stepping in at the last moment because Walter Gore was taken ill. Then an immature John Gilpin danced in the peasant *pas de deux* and Joyce Graeme was the Queen of the Wilis. It was all very impressive and was undoubtedly the most intelligent production of the old ballet given by a British company. It was not a massive production but a very right one and not just a ballet surrounding a couple of stars.

In the intervening years this particular production has known vicissitudes — sometimes the original high standard has been maintained but occasionally the level has dropped. On Friday September 12 the ballet again had a visiting Albrecht in the French-trained Yugoslav dancer — Milorad Miskovitch. Again the Rambert *Giselle* attained, even exceeded, the high standard it set itself some twelve years ago.

But whatever we may think, there is no question but that the ballet still stands or falls according to the playing of its title rôle. A few years ago, Beryl Goldwyn showed promise of becoming one of the best of the many Giselles to have graced Rambert's production, then she got married and retired from ballet for three years, and it was feared that she had forsaken the dance for ever in favour of the kitchen and other wifely duties. Recently, however, she discovered that it was possible for her nuptial and theatrical careers to run concurrently, and we can only hope that this arrangement is as satisfactory to her husband as it is to her many admirers. It is possible that love with marriage has given Goldwyn a greater insight into the situation of a girl who loves but cannot marry. Whatever it is, she has matured remarkably, and what she showed us at the two Sadler's Wells performances amounted to something as exciting as it was distinguished.

She started tentatively in the first act and her variation was too hurried and needed better phrasing, but in her interpretation she had become the embodiment of a simple village girl whose over-trusting nature led to tragedy. In her mad scene it is possible to see the chill of death passing up her arms from her finger-tips. At moments her eyes become lifeless and mad though she regains an occasional sense of recognition as she is confronted by one or other character in the drama and these moments cause her to recall some previous incident connected with the character concerned. Her pitiful attempts at evoking these incidents in movement are almost unbearable to watch. All through this act, her finely conceived interpretation was helped by the beautiful playing of all the other characters.

At first I thought that Miskovitch's Albrecht was at variance with the style of this particular production — he seemed rather too flamboyant. But as the work progressed, this flamboyance became muted until it reached the level where it just defined the border-line between his noble breeding and Giselle's more humble background. Norman Dixon has now rounded-off his Hilarion — whereas previously it was a firm and sure sketch, it has now become a full-length full-colour portrait. This Hilarion is not a villain but an honest gamekeeper who is crazy with love for Giselle: his jealousy at Giselle's preference for Albrecht is a natural instinct. He hangs around the village all the time hoping to get a chance of speaking to Giselle, like some stray dog, and by so doing he is able to observe all the incidents which lead to his precipitating the tragedy. His grief, when he realises what he has done, is genuine, and he manages to invoke pity rather than anger. Apart from Niels Bjorn Larsen in the Danish production and those who played the rôle with the Bolshoi, Dixon gives the finest performance of Hilarion to be seen today — certainly in a British production. The same may be said of Gillian Martlew's Bathilde, an intensely human and understanding character and never the lay figure who so often struts like a foolish peahen through this act.

But all the Rambert company react naturally to the incidents of this first act and never stand about in meaningless huddles. The peasant *pas de deux* was danced delightfully by Lucette Aldous — one of Rambert's most pleasing acquisitions — and rather roughly by Kenneth Bannerman. The latter is one of those dancers who seem to be the sort of raw material who will always remain just that, but knowing Rambert as we do I should not be the least surprised if she does not soon burnish him into a most distinguished male dancer.

By the second act, Goldwyn had really settled in as regards to her dancing. At moments her supernatural and ethereal qualities bore a certain resemblance to Markova, to whom she has a marked physical likeness (occasionally, in profile, she looked uncannily like Pavlova), but what Goldwyn does is something quite personal to herself. Like Chauviré, she brings something of the live Giselle to the novice Wili, like Markova, she uses the tilt of her head and the sensitive positioning of her hands and arms to suggest a Romantic lithograph. Both her dancing and performance in this act, together with Miskovitch as Albrecht, were almost faultless. Again, Gillian Martlew, as the Queen of the Wilis, brought the same sort of distinction as she did with her Bathilde in the first act. Here is an evil night deity whose features seem to be composed of moonlight and whose heart is just as cold. She commands Giselle's movements and is only frustrated in her nasty motives when confronted by the cross. At this moment it was possible to see how her mind was working out a way in which to get Giselle and Albrecht back into her power.

The lead-in to Albrecht's second-act variation was one of the many instances of the loving care that has gone into the story telling. Instead of Albrecht just coming on and standing in the prompt-side up-stage corner before going into his dance, he runs on and falls at Myrtha's feet and implores her to release him. Relentless, she then commands him to dance. This makes a perfectly sound reason for the variation and stops it from becoming part of a divertissement as is so often the case.

The performance was greeted at the end by curtain-call after curtain-call and applause whose warmth was remarkable from a none too full house. Anton Dolin, who himself has been responsible for notable *Giselle* productions, happened to be sitting next to me. All through his praise was vociferous and sincere — "It's wonderful! What beautiful performances and what a lovely production! I'm madly jealous."

P. W.

Yet another Rambert Giselle

MADAME RAMBERT has a way with Giselles, that much we have learnt. The other day she looked at me and said, appraisingly, "I could teach *you* to dance Giselle." Something in her voice led me to think that she would lack faith in the possibilities of my interpretation, but if the deadly hour of need should strike, I have no doubt that she would have me out there doing *something* — and that something would look horribly like Giselle. Luckily for my *amour propre* — which in this sense is quite untranslatable — that fatal hour is yet to strike, and on the afternoon of September 13 it was, happily for all concerned, Lucette Aldous who made her début as "ballet's tragic heroine".

Aldous, who came to prominence during the Rambert season at the Wells last year, is a compact dancer, well equipped technically, in many ways typical of the current generation of Royal Ballet School graduates. Under the careful tutelage of Madame Rambert her début as Giselle was gratifyingly successful and, even more, promising, although it is not as yet a portrait to be hung at the very top level in the Rambert gallery.

Her looks, physique and nature almost compel her to choose the realistic, peasant-girl path to the characterisation; the fey languors of a Markova or Goldwyn would sit ill upon her. Her dancing has a natural sparkle and sense of spontaneity about it, and her first act had plenty of vivacity and charm, even though her bravura variation needs a little more burnishing. The Mad Scene was given in a naturalistic manner and was clearly a work in progress rather than a finished product. A realistic rather than stylised madness is quite permissible, yet requires great style and tact. Aldous clutched her stomach energetically, tousled her hair and looked distraught, in an interpretation which already is original and could hold out the promise of one day being most impressive. She must, however, solve the problem of integrating this very grand passion with the rest of her act.

Her second act proved neatly danced, more notable technically for its *ballon* than its elevation. Here again she failed to grasp the performance as a whole, and there was insufficient contrast between her portrayal of the earthly and spectral Giselle. While it is perfectly valid for Giselle to convey in the second act hints of her earthly self, such hints must be discreetly absorbed into the Willi characterisation. Yet with all its present defects this was an extremely notable first try, which time and experience need only to mature. All the basic essentials of a distinguished Giselle are already there.

Aldous was beautifully partnered by Norman Dixon, who already is a quite outstanding Albrecht. One of the most intelligent actors in present-day British ballet, despite a certain lack of aristocratic bearing, his carefully thought-out and intelligent interpretation could be studied with profit by almost every *premier danseur* in the country. In many respects his performance reminds me somewhat of Redgrave in

Hamlet, and you can practically see him conscientiously, and yet in fairness not self-consciously, acting and ticking-off the various interpretative problems and cruxes the part poses. Unfortunately no amount of stagecraft can get over the fact that he is still unable to dance the part properly. I find it difficult to believe that a dancer, adequately equipped as he is, clearly brimming with confidence, and possessing plenty of stamina and *ballon,* is unable to put up a better showing in the very moderate technical demands of the ballet. If he were not basically such a very good Albrecht his mediocre dancing would matter far less, but as it is it stands as a major flaw.

Gillian Martlew — Rambert's best-ever Myrthe apart from Margaret Hill—repeated her excellent performance of the evening before, and Norman Morrice made an effective Hilarion. Impressive also were June Sandbrook and John O'Brien in the Peasant *pas de deux.* Although this was not impeccably danced, it revealed a very proper regard for period spirit which compensated for its tentativeness. **C. B.**

An evening of Tudor

IT was Rambert who launched and developed Antony Tudor to become one of the most sensitive and unusual choreographers of our time. It is still only Rambert who is able to preserve the particular qualities of his genius, as was shown by her revival of four of his works on the first of two Tudor evenings on September 11.

Apart from Andrée Howard's *La Fete Etrange,* there is no British ballet which needs such sensitive treatment as does Tudor's *The Lilac Garden,* which opened the programme. If its dangerously sensuous lilac-scented atmosphere is missed, then the ballet becomes pointless. The theme — of Caroline, forced to marry a man she does not love, meeting her lover for the last time while her future husband is confronted by an old flame — is lightly sketched-in in silverpoint. They become an eternally damned quartet, as damned as the Sartre trio in *Huis Clos.* But the repression of their emotions is far more poignant than the viciousness of the Sartre infernal circle. You are left with the feeling that four people have a long time still to live but that that their lives will always be blighted on account of this meeting — the scent of lilacs must always cause them acute agony — yet they will never say anything about it. To me it is incredible how Tudor has managed to suggest so much within the brief framework of Chausson's *Poème.* His choreography, which flows without any tricks, can only be interpreted from within — the impetus has to come from the heart working out to the extremities rather than from any external technical ability.

I have seen better performances of the work by the Rambert company, though Beryl Goldwyn made Caroline into a Victorian miss confronted by emotions which her Victorian mother could never have fully explained, while Gillian Martlew was the sensuous past of the husband-to-be. In this rôle John Chesworth did not quite achieve the straight-laced façade while making it clear that a normal wayward heart still beat underneath. Nor did Norman Dixon quite realise the controlled suffering of Caroline's ex-lover. Nevertheless, the revival was distinguished enough to make one wonder why this work is not always in some British repertory.

A complete contrast from this Victorian amatory tangle was the 20th century amatory jangle of *Judgment of Paris* which followed. Three brothel deities — Juno, Venus and Minerva — display their wares for the benefit of a drunken and unheeding customer. It has all the bitterness of Kurt Weill's *Threepenny Opera* score and post-first-war Berlin. Today the cavorting of the three tarts is greeted with gales of laughter whereas once the laughter was tempered by the uncomfortable feeling that this satire was a sad reflection on ourselves — a social document. Of the three girls — Elsa Recagno, Valerie Marsh and Gillian Martlew — it was only the latter, in her hoop-dance of Venus, who brought out the sleazy satire in its full drab colours. Her lank blonde hair, the exhaustion in every limb, the dead-pan expression and the suggestive twirling of her hoops, all listless from the

THE RETURN OF GOLDWYN: One of the many delights of the Rambert season was the return of Beryl Goldwyn. She is seen above in the title rôle from Act I of Giselle, *in which she made such a remarkable impression.*
Photo: Derek Allen.

constant repetition of a tired old routine — she would have delighted the brush of a Lautrec or a Constantin Guys — and Martlew added yet another portrait from the remarkably varied gallery she showed during the Rambert season.

From this mordant revue-sketch to the deep and controlled sorrow of *Dark Elegies* and possibly Tudor's most remarkable work and, considering it was created in 1937, a landmark in the use of modern dance idiom in British ballet. There is the silence, the very blankness of grief in these young parents mourning the loss of their children — sitting in circles, moving in circles. One will occasionally break away and momentarily give vent to emotion but will expect no comfort from the others apart from the laying of a hand on the shoulder as a communication of understanding. Quite expressionless are their faces, these bereaved ones, yet Tudor by his use of the whole body downcast, never exaggeratedly so, has managed to convey universal sorrow from the dawn of time. When I think of the heavy and plodding agonising which has to go into expressions of sorrow from most modern dance choreographers, I think it is a pity that more of them have not made a most careful study of the understatement in this Tudor work.

Dark Elegies was given a most sincere and deeply-felt performance by the present Rambert company, particularly by Norman Dixon, who is at his best in expressive rôles, and by Mary Munro, making a very welcome return to the 4th song. The impact of this work, which got a great reception from the audience, was emphasised by Eric Shilling's beautiful singing of Mahler's song cycle.

The great thing about an evening of Tudor is that from an entertainment point of view there is infinite contrast and variety. The poignancy of the Mahler work, though not forgotten, can soon be offset by that most hilarious of all ballet jokes — *Gala Performance.* There have been many ballets in which ballet laughed at itself, but this was one of the first — and it still remains the best. I was sorry that Beryl Goldwyn had replaced her enchantingly gay and witty Ballerina from Paris by the ballerina from Moscow, which is really the weakest section of the three. She danced it well and with imperial hauteur, but seemed somehow rather wasted. Another odd thing was that Lucette Aldous, who is French, did not quite succeed as the Parisian La Fille de Terpsichore. It may possibly have something to do with dancers never being able to get the edge on to their own national idiosyncracies in the same way that Spanish dancers invariably fail in Massine's *The Three-Cornered Hat.* For La Déese de la Danse from Milan, Elsa Recagno needed to have surer technique. The Italian school was built up on technical accomplishment and to burlesque it needs even greater technique. To my mind nobody in recent memory has equalled Gillian Martlew in this rôle.

But even if this was not a vintage performance of the ballet it was a completely adequate one. The whole evening was primarily intended to be for the connoisseur yet from every point of view it made as varied and enjoyable an evening of ballet and dance as it would be possible to see anywhere today. I hope that Ballet Rambert gives this programme every week during their tours at home and abroad because it shows the many facets of a genius who, to our eternal shame, we foolishly allowed to slip through our fingers. **P. W.**

Aldous as Swanilda

WITH the production of *Coppélia* there is no golden rule. At Covent Garden one can see it raised as far as is possible to the scale of say *The Sleeping Beauty* or *Le Lac des Cygnes* (the style best suited to Covent Garden itself, if not to the ballet!), Festival Ballet has a large Danish-folksy version, and Ballet Rambert a smaller version which must come closest to Saint-Léon's original work. The extraordinary thing is that despite their great differences all the English productions are reasonably effective on their own terms.

But in many respects the Rambert version, which is certainly the most charming, is the most interesting. Marie Rambert has managed to achieve non-stop continuity and one never gets the impression that the plot develops jerkily as though a page is always being turned over. The action never quite stops with the *variations* and ensembles, for she has tried to link even the most difficult dances to the action in some way. Of course, there are some which positively cry out for "ballerina treatment", but even in these there are glimpses of characterisation — Swanilda incorporates a salute to her friends in the preparation before giving the audience her attention,

the actual ear of corn is used in the First Act *pas de deux*, and so on.

Lucette Aldous has gone from strength to strength as Swanilda, and her last act is now more spectacular in effect. With her intuitive sense of the stage, she has little trouble in establishing definite relationships with the other characters, and she is given superb help by Norman Dixon, whose speciality is acting, as Frantz.

Another virtue of this company is that the smaller parts are invariably cast better than anywhere else. Madame Rambert does not hesitate to give a rôle to a virtual newcomer who has the appropriate appearance or technical qualifications. In this connection, Sheila Alletson is able to introduce some delicious touches of comedy into Act 2 as a gawky, madcap friend of Swanilda's.

Much of the production's charm is due to fastidious detail. Instead of having enormous ensembles all doing identical steps, Rambert favours using couples or well-matched groups of four or six enthusiastic dancers who are also individuals.

Both Beryl Goldwyn and Elsa Recagno appeared as Dawn during the season, and each made a go of it. Neither, however, seemed quite happy in the rôle and neither looked right in the costume. Since his last appearance as Coppelius, Norman Morrice has evidently put in some serious study. All the dead wood has been cut away and his interpretation seems near perfect. He must be the most winningly plausible and moving Coppelius we have seen.

Gillian Martlew's Prayer had lovely lyrical phrasing, and Thelma Litster, Valerie Marsh and June Sandbrook caught the eye in smaller parts. If only the orchestra had been rehearsed to the perfection of the dancers!

E. C. M.

Always afternoon

NIJINSKY'S version of Debussy's *Prélude à L'Après-Midi d'un Faune* caused a storm and a scandal when it was first given at the Chatelet Theatre in Paris in 1912. The reasons for the uproar were almost entirely on account of the work's erotic and onanistic suggestion. Since those days, public outlook has changed so violently that today it would cause no outcry on this count. As long as I can remember I have seen various male stars trying to caper in the two-directional path of Nijinsky's cloven hoofs, and frankly they have left little impression of eroticism or anything else. Sometimes they have appeared without décor, sometimes without nymphs and invariably without understanding.

Rambert was closely connected with the original production, having been called in to teach Nijinsky Dalcroze eurythmics, so probably she is the only person left in the world who can remember the essence of the work with a truly professional eye. It would seem so, because with her revival of the work for Milorad Miskovitch on September 15 it was possible, for the first time in many years, to see what Nijinsky was driving at.

It is easy to attack the work for its static quality and its abrupt turns of head and body when the music drifts and ripples in a miasma of afternoon haze. It is also easy, I may say, to attack the chair-hurlings and acrobatic leaps and falls which Petit superimposed upon the Bach C Minor Passacaglia in *Le Jeune Homme et La Mort*. Both choreographers, with over 30 years between the productions of their various works, use the music as a background to create an atmosphere and heighten an emotion. Both broke the accepted rules of ballet-making. They are almost the only two instances I can think of when rule-breaking was permissible.

The Rambert revival was, to me at any rate, a revelation, an expression of unfulfilled desires whose Greek archaic environment could well have been discarded and the ballet would equally well make its point — as Jerome Robbins has already discovered by placing his version in a contemporary rehearsal room.

It is more than just a choreographic oddity as Nijinsky could have, had his mental condition allowed, pursued an entirely new path of movement, a path on which it has remained for others to blaze a trail.

Rambert dispenses with Bakst's rather overladen backcloth but keeps in the rock, and his costumes have been beautifully reproduced. As the Faun, Miskovitch has found a rôle ideally suited to his own sensuous and exotic quality — just to see him eat the grapes was proof of this. There were also a number of erotic head movements which I have not seen for years. On the rock, the throne of his kingdom, he had archaic splendour — a god awaking from a post-luncheon nap. In the distance he espies a posse of beautiful nymphs (led by Gillian Martlew) and immediately his senses are alerted. His pursuit of the nymphs is a real pursuit though in actual fact neither party has moved more than a few yards — and it is in its suggestion where this work is such a masterpiece. Beautiful though she looks, I did not feel that Martlew quite achieved that mixture of fear and seduction which is the special prerogative of nymphs — and the same might be said of the other six ladies also. But though they have little to do these are rôles which are difficult to assimilate without many years of contact with them. But altogether this was

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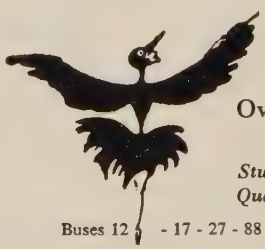
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a revival of an almost forgotten work which, if it is remembered with the loving care of a Rambert, should be forgotten no longer. **P. W.**

The rest of Rambert's repertory

IT is so usual to recall the pre-war glories of the Ballet Rambert that it is easy to forget what has been achieved during the past ten years. And yet apart from the classics, the two Tudor evenings and a revival of *Death and the Maiden,* the entire repertory for the last season was drawn from works created during the past decade.

On the opening night, September 8, the programme began with Robert Joffrey's *Pas des Déesses,* a slight Romantic pastiche somewhat like Dolin's *Pas de Quatre.* It makes an inoffensive opening ballet, and the Rambert dancers contrived to give it with something of the same period style that illuminates their *Giselle.* Beryl Goldwyn gave a Taglioni *à la* Markova, Lucette Aldous was remotely charming as Grahn, while the promising June Sandbrook made a sparkling Cerrito. Kenneth Bannerman seemed too immature for the haughty Saint-Léon, and the work gained when Dixon took over at the second performance.

Walter Gore's *Fireflies* (née *Kaleidoscope)* came as a distinct disappointment. Although always recognising it as minor Gore, it was a work which in the past I have usually enjoyed. Now, despite what seemed to be a perfectly adequate performance, I found its insectile writhings to the Brahms/Paganini variations trivial and pointless. I am at a loss to understand what I ever found attractive in its busy choreography and rag-bag accumulation of movement-gimmicks.

The first night programme ended with MacMillan's *Laiderette,* in which the title rôle was taken by Lucette Aldous for the first time in London. She danced well, and received an ovation, but I could not feel that she quite achieved the touchingly gauche poignancy of the girl not beautiful enough to be loved. Nor were the other parts played as sensitively as when the ballet was first produced, yet the work still managed to retain most of the strange, crepuscular atmosphere that makes it probably the most distinguished addition to the Rambert repertory since the war.

The revival on September 15 of Ronald Yerrell's *Mirror* had June Sandbrook in the old Patricia Dyer rôle of the girl who is narcissistically attracted to what Nancy Mitford would call her looking-glass. Despite a certain sturdy quality in Yerrell's choreography he shows insufficient stagecraft to make the theme wholly successful, and is not much helped by Disley Jones's spidery, neo-Gothic setting. Yet Sandbrook managed to bring conviction to the reflective Girl and Dixon glowered effectively as the man who finally woos her away from the contemplation of her mirror-image.

The last two revivals of the season came on September 17. Andrée Howard's *Death and the Maiden* — not seen in London for some years — was more than welcome. Now 21 years old, this was Howard's first significant ballet, and it wears remarkably well. That rare thing, a perfect dance miniature, it has the quality and expressive economy of a lyric poem. June Sandbrook, once again, impressed as the bright-doomed maiden, and John Chesworth partnered well as inexorable Death.

Cranko's *Variations on a Theme* suffered from lighting which was both too hard and too bright, and this put Kenneth Rowell's setting of peeling walls and decaying architecture to such a disadvantage that it no longer gave the work its perfect background. John Chesworth, as the Young Man who finds his salvation through discarding all but simplicity, is far better in the part than last year. He was supported by a cast who gave full value to Cranko's fascinating modern allegory.

OUTSTANDING SWANILDA: Lucette Aldous, who brought great distinction to the recent Ballet Rambert season. Photo: Roy Round.

The too-brief season ended on September 20, having shown us some of the best ballets in the British repertory superbly produced. The only tragedy was that it was not better supported. **C. B.**

THE ROYAL BALLET (I) at Covent Garden

Chauviré as Aurora

IT was fitting that Yvette Chauviré should crown her series of guest performances with the Royal Ballet with a sumptuous portrayal of Princess Aurora in the full-length *Sleeping Beauty.* Although during the course of her career she obviously has danced bits and pieces from the ballet — including appearances in Lifar's Petipa-mélange *Divertissement* at the Paris Opéra — her appearance on September 9 was her first attempt at the full ballet. I was only able to see her second performance on the last night of the season, and it was a most remarkable achievement.

To come to such a celebrated rôle at the age of 41 and then to dance it in a manner that challenges comparison with the very finest of contemporary interpretations, gave Chauviré a triumph that set the seal on her wonderfully successful visit. What a ballerina she is! Immediately she appeared to seize upon the underscored, yet vital, dramatic aspects of the Princess. The 16-year-old girl, the vision, and the confident Princess facing marriage were all clearly delineated in a characterisation that was in its way as carefully considered as her Giselle. She never once stepped outside the frame of her portrait, and her relationship with all the other characters was at all times sensitively portrayed.

Her dancing throughout was elegant and easy, revealing delicate musical response and that instinctive flair of hers for the right choreographic phrasing. I can only wish that she had been better partnered and received orchestral support from something other than a scratch band. But at least the dancers did their loyal best to give her the superb setting she deserved, and Shaw and Page were positively stunning as the Blue Birds.

On the afternoon of September 6 Bryan Ashbridge danced Albrecht for the first time. Partnering Svetlana Beriosova — who gave perhaps her most touching performance of Giselle yet — he confirmed the good impression as a *danseur noble* he had made in *The Sleeping Beauty.* Shirley Grahame, another newcomer, made a malignantly satisfying, high-jumping Myrthe. Ronald Hynd was also notable as a Barrault-like hero in *The Lady and the Fool.* **C. B.**

LONDON'S FESTIVAL BALLET

Italian visitors and a revival

FESTIVAL Ballet's 9th Birthday Gala at the Festival Hall on September 9 proved a shade disappointing, with the candles on the birthday cake glowing dimmer than usual. Highspot of the evening was the first London appearances of Carla Fracci and Mario Pistoni — two beautifully formed young dancers from Milan, the first Italian stars to dance here since heaven knows when.

Dancing a *pas de deux* from Glazounov's *The Seasons* — none too sensitively choreographed by Alfred Rodrigues — they scored an immediate triumph. Fracci showed the unmistakable bearing and style of a natural ballerina, completely unmannered, with a lovely head and arms, and a freshness and vivacity that are all her own. Pistoni partnered and danced easily, and like his ballerina revealed an engaging warmth. We must see more of them and their repertory as soon as possible.

Apart from the three new creations one of the major attractions of the season was scheduled to be the revival of *Petrushka* on August 19 with Fokine's choreography freshly reproduced by Léon Woizikowski, who so became at least the third producer the ballet had had in this repertory. The great Polish dancer, who had come from Warsaw specially to recreate Fokine's work, was supposedly restoring the original version to the Western world, but whether he in fact achieved that aim must be open to searching questions.

Certainly he introduced characters, notably a most peculiar adagio act of three lightly-clad girls, who found no place in either Diaghilev's programme or photographs of Diaghilev's production. Even allowing for the fact that they were so peculiarly dressed that one could well imagine the director sending them off-stage in the presence of a photographer, their omission from the cast lines remains inexplicably strange. Yet not perhaps much more strange than some of the other touches Woizikowski apparently remembered. Keith Beckett and Louis Godfrey were not especially notable in their rôles of Petrushka and the Moor respectively, but Anita Landa made a good Doll, and Kenneth Sudell an impressively mysterious Charlatan. Donald McAlpine and Terry Gilbert both jumped well as the Grooms, but too many of the other dancers were out of period, out of character, and out of step.

C. B.

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SUSANA AND JOSE

SLIPPING into ballet's boom autumn came two Spanish dancers, Susana and José, who gave a week's season at the Sadler's Wells Theatre opening on September 22. The problems facing two dancers — even when they are assisted by a guitarist and a pianist — attempting to provide by themselves an entire evening's entertainment are, to say the least, formidable. To be sure Rosario and Antonio once performed this feat, but — and as the evening wore on this became increasingly evident — Susana and José are not Rosario and Antonio.

I understand that these two have had considerable experience and success in cabaret, and it must be admitted that their programme gave the impression of being a cabaret turn inflated almost beyond the limits of human endurance.

Their chief quality seemed to be a somewhat prissy good taste, and any quality of more questionable value to a pair of Spanish dancers would be hard to find. While I have no reason to believe that they were anything but Spanish, it would not have surprised me to have learned that they were on holiday from Broadstairs. They were very precise and possibly a greater expert on Spanish dancing than myself might well say they were very correct, yet — perhaps it is just the vulgar streak of the tourist in me — I like my Spanish dancing hot-blooded, quick-tempered and exciting. This flatly was not.

The programme started well with a stylised court dance from the time of Philip II, but after this promising beginning things went from bad to worse.

Some items had a sort of pseudo-cleverness about them which was annoyingly pretentious. There was one number called *Orpheus* which had a quotation on the programme: "Heaven and earth are my witnesses, when I look back I shall be lost for ever." What this had to do with Orpheus I was at a loss to discover, to my uncultured eye it just looked like a bit of second-rate flamenco — and certainly no one looked back, not even in anger.

Then we had another little number entitled *Don Juan,* in which the dissolute Don "meets three women from various regions of Spain". José as Don Juan kept on jumping up and down presumably keeping in practice for something, and in between his little jumping dances he performed three rather dull routines with his partner, whose changes in dress seemed more marked than the changes in choreography.

The highspot of the evening — discounting the quite respectable guitar solo played by Paco Hernandez — was undoubtedly José's *Zapateado.* But while this was good, London has seen plenty better, Antonio, Ximenez, quite a few other boys with Pilar Lopez, even José Greco.

José himself is a tall dancer with a certain elegance of carriage but an unfortunate gaucheness which became apparent in movement. His attempts at flamenco were really none too happy, and he was not greatly helped by Susana, who too often appeared to be doing a genteel impersonation of a gypsy dancer.

Certainly a commendable attempt had been made to give the programme variety, the costumes were often rich and always attractive, and lighting and production had been undertaken with obvious care and skill. But we see so much Spanish dancing in London that only the best is likely to be good enough.

C. B.

SUSANA AND JOSE, the two Spanish dancers who recently gave a week's season at the Sadler's Wells Theatre. *Photo : Enkelmann.*

Dance and Dancers . . . . ABROAD

FRANCE

AZTEC AND MAYA BALLET OF MEXICO

AT the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, Paris saw Mexico present its ritual songs and dances for the first time. Spellbound by the fame of the Aztec civilisation which has been buried for 500 years, the director of the group, Javier de Léon, has forsaken contemporary reproductions of folk-lore, which have deliberately turned towards the past; the very reverse of his Latin-American approach. However, we know too little of Maya culture to be able to appreciate the authenticity of these reproductions. Indeed, although undoubtedly dance played an important rôle in the civil and religious ceremonies, few documents survive to offer exact evidence. But it is rather astonishing to find that the dances are more or less based on forms already known, using sometimes a fandango step, familiar jumps, or *pirouettes à la seconde.* Apparently there is nothing in this choreography which has traced a genuinely personal style, or which particularly holds the attention. Its sources have without doubt been dried up for centuries.

The different themes, which are treated freely, are directly inspired by Maya legends — for example the dances of Kulkulkan (The Plumed Serpent), of Xtole, of Yumil Kax, or the history of Montezuma. The Aztec dances pay homage to different gods, of the sun (Tonatiuh), of flowers (Xochipilli), and of war. Without ever reaching any great complexity, they are danced with vigour and precision, and even with a spirit of coquetry at times, especially by Teo-Xochitl, who declares herself to be a genuine princess. And her pure profile makes it unnecessary for her to produce a detailed genealogical tree.

More than the sour melodies of the small monotonous flutes which are punctuated by various percussion sounds, including the clashing together of sea-shells, the costumes give a picturesque charm to the spectacle. Documentation is unnecessary, for it has been easy to borrow from the reliefs and geometrical designs of Mexican art, encrusting or embroidering them in vivid colours to enhance the simple lines of the costumes. The head-dresses especially are inspired by the most ingenious and fantastic styles. Such as gigantic diadems, the peaks of which are two feet high in some cases, but designed in astonishing taste, and displaying waving plumes, feathers of flame, and gold plaques decorated with small stones and symbolising flowers or animals.

But not only are the "tiaras" extravagant. One cannot forget the dances — the dizzy *voladores* or *quetzales* which are performed ten feet above the stage. One after another four Indians climbed to the summit of a small platform, accompanied by a priest musician. Here, on this small space, they execute the most dangerous of dances, and they salute each other with leaps and stamping in each corner of their aerial stage. In Mexico this phase of the dance is considered the most exciting because it allows a mortal risk. Then the four dancers, attached in the centre by a cord which passes between their feet, spring off the platform with heads low and arms spread like wings. Thus suspended, they describe a big spiral as slowly as possible descending like birds of prey. Before reaching the ground they perform thirteen single turns. In Mexico this exercise is actually given 20 yards from

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the ground and it creates a sensation of ecstatic giddiness. So dangerous is it considered that it has been banned officially.

NEWS IN BRIEF

AFTER six weeks' absence the Paris Opéra ballet returned on September 17 with *Romeo and Juliet* and *Prince Igor*. A number of new works have been announced and the first of these, *Atlantide*, which is by Pierre Benoit, music by Tomasi, choreography by Lifar, and Ludmilla Tcherina as principal dancer, was due in October. Lifar's new version of Ravel's *Daphnis and Chlöe*, with décors and costumes by Chagall, will be staged later in the month. Other new productions and revivals have also been announced — a complete version of *Le Lac des Cygnes*, and *La Dame à la Licorne*, which has been reviewed many times. Harald Lander will prepare *Nénuphar* by Florent Schmitt, and George Skibine is working on *Othello*.

DURING the annual closure of the Opéra, ballet productions were left to the Opéra Comique. Its advertised programmes have announced *La Boutique Fantasque* and *Le Beau Danube*, Jolivet's *Concerto* with choreography by Skibine, *Frères Humains* by Michel Descombey, and *Suite archaïque* by Jean-Bernard Lemoine. A revival of Messager's *Isoline* has also been announced.

DUE to the annual closure of most theatres, programmes of dance almost ceased in Paris during August. Many dancers therefore lent their services to various summer galas and festivals, especially those at Nice, Cannes, Orange, Deauville and Aix les Bains.

Thus, on August 8, the Opéra at Vichy was able to present a new version of Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet* by George Skibine, danced by Skibine himself and Marjorie Tallchief. On August 24, Jean Combes revived his version of Roussel's *Bacchus et Ariane*, with décors and costumes by Matzoukis, and with Irène Skcrik and Milko Sparemblek as principals. Finally, on September 6, Claude Bessy and Max Bozzoni danced Cocteau's *Le Bel Indifférent*, with choreography by Lifar, while Geneviève Moulin and Roland April appeared in Combes' ballet, *Noces de cendres*, to Tomasi's score.

ON September 2, a Spanish company of singers, dancers and accordionists led by Prince Gitan and Dolorès Vargas began a short season at the Théâtre de l'Etoile. Paying slight regard to pure folk-sources, this group left the impression of having created a fantastic parody on Spanish dance.

FLORENT SCHMITT, composer of the scores of *Oriane et le Prince d'Amour*, *La Tragèdie de Salomé* (recently revived by Lycette Darsonval at the Opéra in choreography by Albert Aveline), *La Petite Elfe Ferme l'oeil* and *Nénuphar*, died at Neuilly-Sur-Seine on August 17 at the age of 87.

AFTER a long absence, Janine Charrat is making a return visit to Paris at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées : among other works her new programme will include Bartok's *The Miraculous Mandarin*. She will be followed on the same stage by the International Ballet of the Marquis de Cuevas, whose season will extend from October 28 to December 6. Four new works have been promised.

ENTERPRISING Jeanmaire will appear in a new film which will again employ her gifts as dancer, singer and actress. An Italian director is planning a film on the life of Pavlova, featuring Liane Daydé, while Serge Lifar's career may be the subject of a further Italian film.

MAURICE BEJART has created a new work, *Le Voile d'Orphée*. This ballet to *musique concréte* lasts an entire evening and will be given in Belgium in the autumn and in Paris next winter.

Marie-Françoise Christout.

DANCING PRINCESS : Princess Teo-Xochitl, a star of the Aztec and Maya Ballet of Mexico, which has recently given a season in Paris. *Photo : Lido.*

AMERICA

AFTER a four-month summer season of no dance whatsoever, New York burst into a rash of activity during early September with the return of the New York City Ballet, the welcome introduction of Jerome Robbins' "Ballets : U.S.A.", and the New York season of American Ballet Theatre. These three companies opened within the period of a fortnight, and, for the first time in New York dance history, three major companies are playing simultaneously as we go to press.

RETURN OF THE NEW YORK CITY BALLET

BEGINNING on September 2, the New York City Ballet began part one of its year-long celebration of its 10th Anniversary Year at the City Centre. Recently returned from a five months' tour of the Orient and Australia, this current four-week season has already proved noteworthy for many reasons. In the first place, Robert Irving, for the past several years musical director of Britain's Royal Ballet, has been named principal conductor of the New York City Ballet. Irving, of course, is well known to American ballet audiences, having conducted the five continental United States tours for the Royal Ballet, and the hearty ovation of welcome accorded him by the capacity first-night audience started the season with high promise.

Despite the fact that the season will see but one première (George Balanchine's new *Waltz-Scherzo pas de deux*, reviewed in the next issue), this engagement has already shaped up as extremely exciting and rewarding from many points of view. This, despite all those established favourites who are missing temporarily or permanently — Maria Tallchief, who is on maternity leave until the Spring of 1959; Yvonne Mounsey, who is absent this season; Herbert Bliss, resigned to head a Cleveland ballet school; Robert Barnett and Virginia Rich, who have resigned to join the Atlantic Civic Ballet; Barbara Fallis and Barbara Milberg, who have also resigned; and Diana Adams, who has not appeared thus far this season due to a foot injury. As we go to press, Melissa Hayden was temporarily out with an injury as well.

One of the brighter aspects of this season has been the appointment of Janet Reed as Ballet Mistress. Reed, who replaces Vida Brown, was a ballerina with this company for seven years, and has now returned from semi-retirement after the birth of her second child, to assume this important new rôle. Prior to this, of course, Janet Reed was a distinguished addition to the companies of Ballet Theatre and Eugene Loring's Dance Players.

Up to now, Melissa Hayden has had one triumph after another during the season and has been dancing her and nearly everyone else's rôles as well. After dancing the wistful central rôle of *Scotch Symphony* superbly on opening night, she returned in *Stars and Stripes,* the closing ballet, and danced like an exploding catherine-wheel. After seeing her first performance of Eurydice in *Orpheus,* it is quite apparent that this young lady can dance anything and excel in it. As Eurydice, she brought a whole new approach to the rôle that was completely valid, investing her performance with drama, poignance and tragedy. After this, she sparkled like a diamond in *Symphony in C.*

Similarly noteworthy this season has been the steady ascendency of Allegra Kent, who now gives every promise and indication of being one of the world's great ballerinas of the next decade. Now only twenty, she dances like a veteran and has returned from the Oriental tour dancing more gloriously than ever. The big surprise of the season (one might term it pure delight) is her performance in Balanchine's *Swan Lake.* John Martin hailed this "As sheer dancing . . . as remarkably lovely an Odette as any within memory." Certainly she has a superb body for a dancer — in perfect proportion and placement. Though she is as strong as steel, her line is flowing and gracious. She is what may be termed a "born dancer", for she gives the greatest delight in the performance of the simplest phrases when she gives the effect of hearing the music and dancing with it for the first time. Actually, in her movement there is no apparent anticipation of the music. Rather, she seems with it and part of it. All in all, she is a treasure and she has brought a fresh glow and promise to the entire season.

BALLET THEATRE AT THE MET

BALLET THEATRE returned to New York for a three-week autumn season at the Metropolitan Opera House, opening on September 16 with Herbert Ross's *Concerto,* based on Tchaikowsky's Violin Concerto in D, presented at the gala première and reviewed elsewhere in this issue. Also to come later in this season are Ross's *Paean* and *Pas de Deux,* the latter to Wagner's "Tristan" music; Birgit Cullberg's *Miss Julie*; Kenneth MacMillan's *Journey*; and Anton Dolin's *Variations for Four.*

Ballet Theatre's New York engagement is headed, as was their tour, by Nora Kaye, Erik Bruhn, John Kriza and Lupe Serrano, with Alicia Markova, Alicia Alonso and Igor Youskevitch added as Guest Artists to the regular Company, which includes Violette Verdy, Scott Douglas, Ruth Ann Koesun and Royes Fernandez. Michael Lland is not appearing due to a foot injury and is being replaced by Michael Maule and Harold Lang. This entire season will be reviewed in our December issue.

JEROME ROBBINS' BALLETS : U.S.A.

JEROME ROBBINS' newest ballet, *3 x 3* (reviewed in full in the next issue), was the curtain-raiser to three of his more important works — *New York Export—Opus Jazz, The Afternoon of a Faun* and *The Concert* (all reviewed at length by Noël Goodwin at Spoleto in our September issue) when this Company was presented in New York at the Alvin Theatre under the aegis of Leland Hayward. Here, where it is perhaps better understood, *New York Export—Opus Jazz* has scored a tremendous critical and public success and, as we go to press, there is talk of prolonging the New York engagement of this company and there are already rumours of a national tour.

BALLET THEATRE'S FUTURE PLANS

IN a Press Conference called before the opening of the season, Lucia Chase announced that American Ballet Theatre will continue to exist. Present plans call for a ninety-minute film of *Billy the Kid* and two other works from the repertoire to be made at the conclusion of the New York season. Then, after a two-month lay-off, the company plans a tour of the Caribbean, to be followed by another European tour in the late Spring. Meanwhile, Erik Bruhn has announced that he has signed a three-year contract for his return to the Royal Danish Ballet. Ray Barra, rising young soloist in American Ballet Theatre, flies to Stuttgart, Germany, in late October to fulfil a contract to dance at the State Opera House in that city, where he will appear with the opera dance company under the direction of Nicholas Beriosoff.

IN BRIEF

IMPRESARIO Sol Hurok promises one of the most important dance seasons in the illustrious history of his management. Commencing with the nation-wide tour of the Grenadier Guards and Scots Guards, to be followed by the Ballet Espagnol Roberto Iglesias. The Bolshoi Ballet is promised for the Met in April 1959.

MARTHA GRAHAM and her company flew to Israel in September for a month's performances under the sponsorship of the Habimah Theatre.

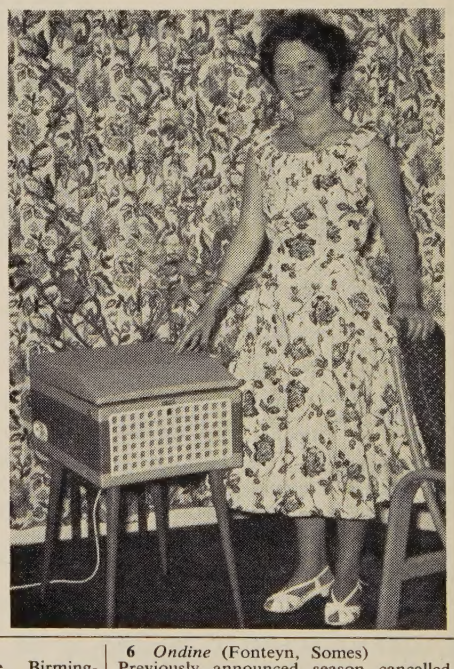
MY FAIR LADY'S choreographer, Hanya Holm, is due to return to America after another visit to London and a holiday in Italy.

JACOB'S PILLOW'S founder-director, Ted Shawn, leaves for London to complete final arrangements for the first appearances of Ballet Rambert at the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival during the summer of 1959.

ANGNA ENTERS' *Artist's Life,* the second phase of her autobiography, has just been published by Coward, McCann. Meanwhile, Agnes de Mille's further autobiography, *And Promenade Home,* was published on October 9 by Atlantic-Little, Brown, the same date that *Goldilocks,* her newest choreographic venture on Broadway, opened at the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre.

GENE KELLY has been signed to direct the new Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, *The Flower Drum Song,* and Carol Haney will provide the dances. Gene Kelly, incidentally, makes his television debut later this season on *Omnibus* with a detailed analysis of dancing entitled *Dancing — A Man's Game.* John Martin, dance critic of the *New York Times,* serves as consultant on this programme, which will include such male "dancers" as Mickey Mantle, Sugar Ray Robinson and Frankie Gifford, the Giants' half-back. **Arthur Todd.**

PRIZEWINNER : Mary Pegler, of the Pearl-Elise School, who won the first prize in the Gamba Competition for the best essay on ballet shoes. She is seen in her Palmer's Green home with her prize — a Decca Stereophonic record player.



Ballet Dates

THE ROYAL BALLET I
at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

October
27 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes), World Première
30 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes).

November
1 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes).
4 *The Lady and the Fool, Agon, The Firebird*
6 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes).
7 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes).
8 (M) *The Lady and the Fool, Agon, The Firebird*
11 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes).
13 *Noctambules, Rinaldo and Armida, Mam'zelle Angot*
15 (M) *Noctambules, Rinaldo and Armida, Mam'zelle Angot*
17 *Agon, Giselle* (Fonteyn, Somes)
21 *Agon, Giselle* (Beriosova, Ashbridge)
22 (M) *Noctambules, Giselle* (Nerina, Somes)
24 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes).
28 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Fonteyn, Somes)
29 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Beriosova, Ashbridge)

December
3 *Mam'zelle Angot, Rinaldo and Armida, The Firebird*
4 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Nerina)
6 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes)

LONDON'S FESTIVAL BALLET

October
13 The Coventry Theatre, Coventry
20 The Gaumont Theatre, Southampton
27 The Pavilion, Bournemouth

November
3 The Palace Theatre, Plymouth
10 The Hippodrome, Bristol
17 The Alhambra Theatre, Bradford
24 The Palace Theatre, Manchester.

December
1 The Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham
22 The Royal Festival Hall, London (twice daily performances of *The Nutcracker,* in full, until Jan. 10)

BALLET RAMBERT

October
20 The City Hall, Cork.
27 The Gaiety, Dublin (2 weeks).

November
10 The Prince of Wales, Cardiff.
17 The Hippodrome, Golder's Green.
24 The Streatham Theatre, Streatham Hill.

ANTONIO AND HIS SPANISH BALLET
at the London Coliseum from Oct. 7 for six weeks.

EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL BALLET
at the Sadler's Wells Theatre

6 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes)
Previously announced season cancelled. Emergency season Sept. 17-19. See daily press for details.

NEXT MONTH
MARGOT FONTEYN

on the front cover of the Christmas number of *Dance and Dancers.*

INSIDE : Special supplement, fully illustrated, of Ashton's new three-act ballet, ONDINE, for the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden. The career of ADELINE GENEE in pictures. Recent creations from NEW YORK CITY BALLET and AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE in picture and reviewed by ARTHUR TODD. New works by MAURICE BEJART. Accent on the male—BRIAN SHAW. Pages of books and records, including Christmas gift suggestions. The London season of ANTONIO in reviews and pictures. All the usual articles and many of immediate topical interest.

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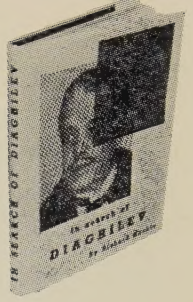

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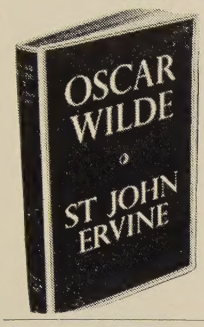

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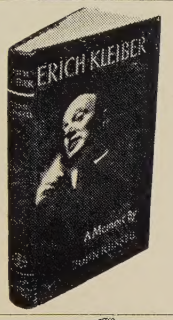

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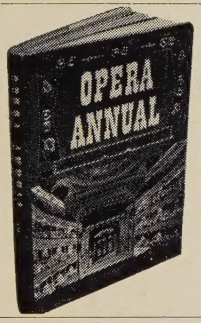

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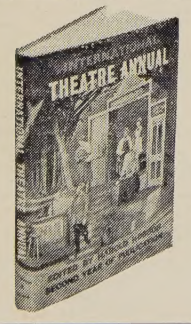

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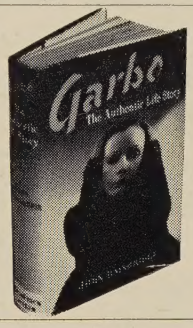
Alternative Extra (A)

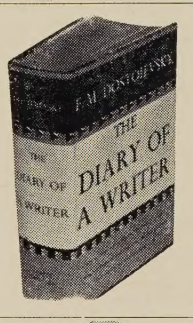
THE BOY FRIEND by SANDY WILSON. Illustrated by the author. 126 pp. *The Boy Friend* between bookcovers has almost all the charm of *The Boy Friend* behind the footlights. The author's deliciously "twentyish" drawings point the atmosphere. **Deutsch : 10/6**

MEMBERS 5/6



GARBO by JOHN BAINBRIDGE. 256 pp. 35 illus. A thorough and dispassionate biography of a film legend from her beginning to the last ill-fated picture and into retirement. How she worked, her contracts with the studios, the men in her life are in this story of the star who wanted to be "let alone." **Muller: 16s.**

MEMBERS 7/6



DIARY OF A WRITER by Dostoievsky. 1,097 pp. Trans. into English for the first time; one of the major literary works of the 19th century. Intimate self-revelation of a genius, treasure house of anecdote, reminiscence, criticism, short stories and sketches by the author of The Brothers Karamazov. **W. H. Allen: 45s.**

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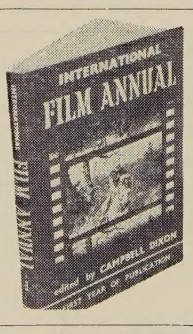
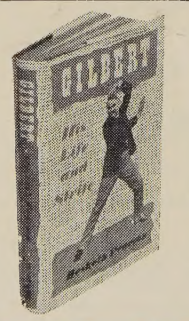
THEATRICAL COMPANION TO MAUGHAM. 307 pp. 196 illus. 10″ x 6½″. A pictorial record and commentary of first performances by Mander & Mitchenson, with full casts, synopses and first night criticisms by James Agate, Desmond MacCarthy, Brooks Atkinson, etc. "Thank you for the pains you have taken—your industry is staggering, your accuracy impressive"—wrote Maugham to the author. **Rockliff: 42s.**

MEMBERS 18/-



INTERNATIONAL FILM ANNUAL No. 1 ed. by CAMPBELL DIXON 167 pp. 10″ x 7″. 165 illus. 20 in colour. Contributors include Peter Ustinov, Roger Manvell, Trevor Howard, Sir M. Balcon, Deborah Kerr, C. A. Lejeune, Michael Anderson, Orson Welles, Daryl Zanuck, John Halas, etc., and articles on the foreign cinema. The first annual for the serious filmgoer. **Calder: 25s.**

MEMBERS 12/6



GILBERT. His Life and Strife. by HESKETH PEARSON. 276 pp. Illus. From the private diaries and documents of this famous partner of the Gilbert & Sullivan combination comes a revealing biography of a turbulent Victorian playwright and librettist, written by the leading theatrical biographer. **Methuen : 25s.**

MEMBERS 10/6

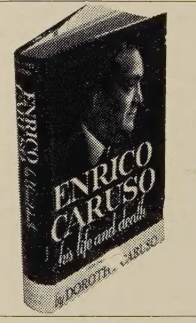
Alternative Extra (B)

THE WORLD OF BALLET by SOL HUROK. 317 pp. 37 illus. The world's foremost ballet impresario tells in intimate and sometimes cutting detail of his association with the great names in ballet over 35 years. The fantastic intrigues, failures and phenomenal success are examined in these entertaining reminiscences of Pavlova, Fonteyn, etc. **Hale: 18s.**

MEMBERS 8/-

BUILDING A CHARACTER by STANISLAVSKY 300 pp. Co-founder of the Moscow Art Theatre and for 40 years its co-director and a chief actor. In this important work, invaluable to students and theatre lovers, Stanislavsky, a theatrical genius, gives a fascinating account of his technique. **Reinhardt: 15s.**

MEMBERS 7/6



ENRICO CARUSO. His Life and Death by DOROTHY CARUSO. 312 pp. 43 illus. A passionate story by the wife of the legendary singer still idolized years after his death. From the many letters Caruso wrote on tour, published for the first time, emerges a new and unforgettable picture. **Werner Laurie : 21s.**

MEMBERS 8/-

BALLADS AND POEMS by SIR ALFRED MUNNINGS. 176 pp. 60 illustrations (46 originals). Artist, biographer and Past President of the Royal Academy turns to poetry with 43 poems, including The Cottesmore Ball and Epsom Lines, many enriched with the author's drawings. **Museum Press: 30s.**

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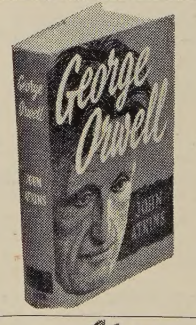

GEORGE ORWELL by JOHN ATKINS. 348 pp. 8½″ x 5½″. This penetrating literary study of the author of **Animal Farm** and **1984** from his birth in India through Eton, Burma and the Spanish Civil War is a virile account of a remarkable human-being and his books. "An excellent study."—**Man. Guardian. Calder: 21s.**

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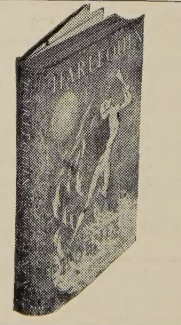

HARLEQUIN PHOENIX by THELMA NIKLAUS. 260 pp., 53 illus., 5 in colour. The story of 400 years of Harlequin from Arlecchino to English pantomime, a moving and dramatic history, lovingly told after considerable historical research, it includes stories of all the most famous Harlequins in history. **Bodley Head : 42s.**

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